Employes' Magazine

The Union Pacific Coal Company

For the Furtherance Of Safety and Better Living Conditions

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AUGUST * 1944

Rock Springs · Reliance · Stansbury · Winton · Superior · Hanna

UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY OLD TIMERS ASSN.

The Coal Chuter

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 21 AUGUST, 1944 NUMBER 8

Sentinels of Safety Trophy Won by "D" Mine, Superior

THE Sentinels of Safety Trophy, which is awarded annually to that bituminous coal mine having the best individual safety record for the calendar year, was presented for 1943 to the men of "D" Mine, Superior, at a banquet held at the Old Timers' Building, Rock Springs, at noon, July 2nd. This trophy is donated, as everyone knows, by "The Explosives Engineer," the house organ of the Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware.

Following the luncheon, Chairman I. N. Bayless opened the ceremonies and said in part:

"I want to congratulate the men of 'D' Mine in winning the Sentinels of Safety Trophy, and they are to be congratulated for winning it at a time when we are at war and there is the tendency to disregard safety.

"Today we have with us Mr. Reeder, Supervising Engineer from the Bureau of Mines, which is the national safety organization responsible for the contest that dictates the winner of this trophy. I am asking Mr. Reeder to present the Sentinels of Safety to Mr. McAuliffe, who will accept it for the men of 'D' Mine."

Mr. R. D. Reeder, Bureau of Mines representative, paid high tribute to the Company and to the men of "D" Mine in his presentation speech, which follows:

"Mr. Chairman, guests and employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company:

"I regret very much that Dr. Sayers and his associates in Washington cannot attend this important occasion because I know they are interested in your safety program at the Superior 'D' Mine and the other mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company. However, I feel honored to represent the director at what I consider a very important occasion.

"Although the mining industry has acquired the reputation of being hazardous, you have proved, through a general organized effort in accident-prevention work, that accidents are unnecessary, that they do not just happen but are the result of definite unsafe practices and that your mine can be operated for an entire year without a lost-time accident.

"Accident-prevention work at your mine and at other mines operated by The Union Pacific Coal Company has been successful not only because of the interest shown by you and by your superior officers, but also because of the interest shown by the mine employes. Without the whole-hearted cooperation of the operating officials and of the employes, any safety movement or accident-prevention work at any operation cannot be a complete success.

"Every one of your employes naturally desires to do what he believes to be good for him; but, to do well, he must know well. You have been trained how to operate a mine in a safe manner and you, in turn, have trained your associates and your employes how to work safely.

"Your Company has a Safety Department whose engineers make periodical inspections of Company mines. Safety rules have been adopted and supervision and discipline have been increased in and about the mines, all of which are producing favorable results.

"The Company has definitely established the policy that preservation of life is the most important phase of your mining supervision. It is gratifying to learn that the fatality rate in the coal mines of the United States for the first four months of this year is the lowest for the first four months of any calendar year in the history of coal mining in the United States and your fatality rate for the first six months of this year, I am informed, is considerably less than the national average.

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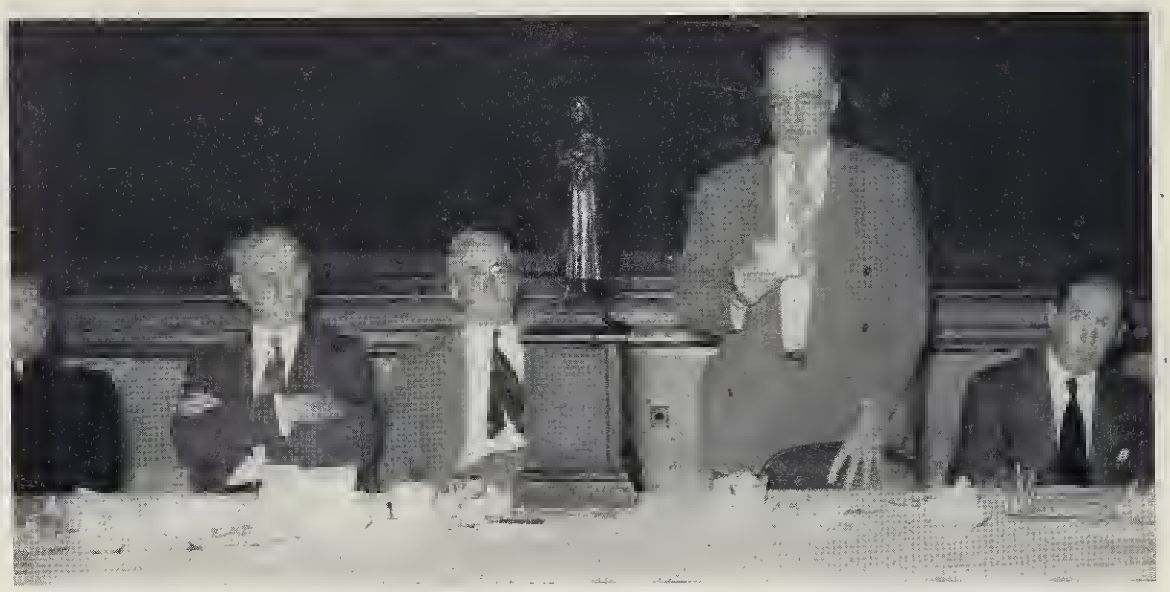
Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employes' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Co., Rock Springs, Wyo.



Mr. R. D. Reeder, Bureau of Mines representative, making the presentation address. Left to right: Rev. Albin Gnidovec, Eugene McAuliffe, I. N. Bayless, R. D. Reeder, Theodore Marvin

"The National Safety Competition for the Sentinels of Safety Trophy as conducted by the Federal Bureau of Mines was instituted in 1925, only nineteen years ago. The Union Pacific Coal Company has won this trophy seven times in eleven years, first winning it in 1933 because of the no-lost-time accident record established at your Superior 'B' Mine. Records show that your Rock Springs No. 4 Mine last won the trophy.

"Mr. McAuliffe, on behalf of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, I present to you the Sentinels of Safety Trophy for operating your Superior 'D' Mine, during the year 1943, without a lost-time injury with 307,529 man hours of exposure. You and your associates are to be commended for the splendid record established, and I hope that the record will be repeated again this year. The Certificates of Honor will be mailed to the employes as soon as they are signed in the Bureau of Mines office."

In accepting the Sentinels of Safety Trophy from Mr. Reeder, Mr. McAuliffe, President of the Company, reviewed the safety efforts of his men for the past eighteen years and echoed the sentiments of all when he said during the course of his talk: "I think it is a great distinction to win this trophy." We present Mr. McAuliffe's address in its entirety:

"Mr. Reeder, employes of 'D' Mine, our guests, and those who are interested in safety:

"In accepting this trophy for the seventh time from the Bureau of Mines, I accept it solely and exclusively for the men who won it.

"We spent ten years on this property trying to improve our safety record and got nowhere. We made no progress of consequence, our record over that ten-year period corresponding very closely to that of the combined bituminous mines of the United States. And then the men who furnished the flesh and blood for the accidents became aware. We began to bound forward. Today, although our record is not comparable to that of our immediate pre-war record, it is, I believe, somewhere between six and seven times better than that of the average bituminous mine in the United States.

"When a man tries to do a thing, he can almost invariably accomplish what he sets out to do. It is lack of interest that brings failure in every walk of life. When men try to do things, they generally do them.

"Mr. Reeder has mentioned our first winning of the Sentinels of Safety Trophy. He said that we have won it seven times. You might be interested in when our winning period commenced. The Sentinels of Safety Trophy was first contested for in 1925. This is the nineteenth year that the trophy has been offered. In the first eight years, we did not have a look-in. That is the period of which I just spoke. As a matter of fact, we just thought we were out of the running with no chance to win. Then the attitude of our men changed, and I want to give due credit also to the attitude and efforts of the supervisory force. We won the trophy through the efforts of 'B' Mine in 1933 and 'C' Mine in 1934, then we had a lull in our activities, and in 1935 the trophy went to the Elkhorn Piney Coal Mining Company. In 1936, it went to the Koppers Coal Company's Coxton Mine, Coxton, Kentucky. We got back in our stride again and 'D' Mine

won in 1937; 'B' Mine in 1938; No. 1 Mine, Winton, in 1939; and No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs, in 1940. There is a record—securing a trophy four years in succession! We tied the record of the United States Coal & Coke Company, who won the trophy four times while we and the other operators throughout the nation were waking up. You will be interested in the full record of presentations made, which I will include in our magazine article.

RECORD OF AWARDS MADE, SENTINELS OF SAFETY TROPHY TO BITUMINOUS COAL MINES, FROM YEAR OF FIRST AWARD, 1925, to 1943, Inclusive

Year	Coal Company	Mine	Location	Man Hours	Accidents	Severity Rate
1925	United States Coal & Coke Co.	No. 6	Gary, W. Va.	756,585	13	0.320
1926	United States Coal & Coke Co.	No. 6	Gary, W. Va.	815,715	7	0.202
1927	United States Coal & Coke Co.	No. 2	Gary, W. Va.	688,937	1	0.132
1928	United States Coal & Coke Co.	No. 4	Gary, W. Va.	418,869	3	0.053
1929	DeBardeleben Coal Corporation	Hull No. 33	Dora, Alabama	264,656	3	0.079
1930	Penn Central Light & Power Co.	No. 1	Coalmont, Pa.	211,760	4	0.184
1931	Phelps-Dodge Corporation	Dawson No. 1	Dawson, New Mex.	117,661	..	0.000
1932	Electro Metallurgical Company	Alloy	Alloy, W. Va.	225,687	..	0.000
1933	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	"B"	Superior, Wyo.	187,888	..	0.000
1934	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	"C"	Superior, Wyo.	225,426	..	0.000
1935	Elkhorn Piney Coal Company	Ingram Branch	Ing. Branch, W. Va.	235,211	..	0.000
1936	Koppers Coal Company	Coxton	Coxton, Ky.	339,156	..	0.000
1937	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	"D"	Superior, Wyo.	301,051	..	0.000
1938	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	"B"	Superior, Wyo.	243,094	..	0.000
1939	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	No. 1	Winton, Wyo.	277,139	..	0.000
1940	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	No. 4	Rock Springs, Wyo.	360,955	1	0.108
1941	Electro Metallurgical Company	Alloy No. 2	Alloy, W. Va.	335,060	..	0.000
1942	Knife River Coal Mining Co.	Knife River	Beulah, N. Dakota	250,531	1	0.088
1943	The Union Pacific Coal Co.	"D"	Superior, Wyo.	307,529	..	0.000

"I thought for the good of safety in general we were getting the trophy too often, so I wrote to the Bureau of Mines and asked them, if by any accident we should win the trophy in 1941, if we could be given a certificate, presenting the trophy to the next highest contestant. The suggestion was denied. The fact remains that we didn't win the trophy, and in 1942 we again failed. Now 'D' Mine has won it again. 'D' is worked out, and it will never win the trophy again, but all those combined mines in past years at Superior will have their opportunity in the D. O. Clark Mine. I think it is a great distinction to win this trophy. It is a greater distinction to win it four times in succession. With all due respect to other coal operators, I hope we get another whack at it this year.

"To date we have 92,236 man-hours of exposure per injury, with 114,367 hours last year at this time. There are reasons for this deflection. We have had an appalling labor turnover, and the majority of the men whom we have been compelled to employ are inexperienced, imposing a superhuman task on the supervisory force. Mines are run to produce coal, and we need that coal very badly, so I ask you to do the best you can in the way of helping the inexperienced men until we get by this war situation.

"There is just one word I want to say in that connection. I couldn't miss this opportunity because the necessity is just as great as it has been in the past two years. Yesterday 805 men were absent, 805 men elected to stay out of the mines. A number have perfectly valid reasons for staying out. At least 600 stayed out for reasons best known to themselves. I would like to read to you an article from a recent newspaper:

Recently returned from Normandy, Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff; Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander of the U. S. Fleet, and Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, cautioned that despite initial Allied successes, a tough fight still lies ahead.

They said that "we perceive a state of mind in this country against which we believe the public should be warned."

"The recent favorable course of the fighting seems to have persuaded some people that the war is as good as won, and that accordingly they can throw up their war jobs and go back to civilian life," they said in a statement which the President made public without comment. "No doubt most of the men at the front would also like easier and better-paid peacetime jobs, but they are sticking to the jobs they have now . . ."

"Anyone can see that desertions on the fighting fronts would protract the war and reduce our prospects of victory. Desertions on the home front would tend to the same result. The war is not yet won; it will be won the sooner if everybody in war work sticks to his job until complete victory has been attained."

They pointed out that even in victory the Allied military machine is suffering heavy losses in weapons

and material which the home front must replace speedily and fully. "Any slackening in the needed production," they said, "will only delay ultimate victory."

"Like every other American, I read the newspapers and listen to the radio. I think the most sanguinary struggle the Allied forces have ever experienced is now going on in western France. They have made a successful landing and taken Cherbourg, but it is a long way to Paris, not to speak of Berlin. I am compelled to repeat the tragic prediction I have made two or three times in the last couple of months: Before this thing is over, one million American youths will suffer casualties—death, wounds, loss of mind, and imprisonment. So I repeat with General Marshall that the job is not yet done, and we that are here and enjoy the advantages of peace and the privileges that go with our form of government should be willing to stick on for just a few months longer."

The next speaker introduced by Chairman Bayless was Theodore Marvin, Director, Editorial Staff, "The Explosives Engineer." Mr. Marvin came all the way from the Atlantic Coast to attend the presentation. He spoke as follows:

"It was ten years ago, Mr. McAuliffe reminded me this morning, that I first came to Rock Springs. I remember that first presentation, the first trophy that your Company won. It was quite an auspicious occasion; there was quite a lot of fuss and feathers about that first winning of the trophy because it was, as Mr. McAuliffe said, the indication that you fellows here had come of age in safety work; it was the indication that you could whip the problems that you had in mining here.

Theodore Marvin

"I want to jar you loose if I can from any complacency which you might have concerning this continuous series of victories which you have had with this trophy. You may think it is getting easy. You may think there is nothing to it. You may think perhaps that competition is not as tough as it used to be. Instead, I would like to tell you that actually the eyes of the coal mining world are on you here. There is always a continued amount of surprise throughout the industry to find that The Union Pacific Coal Company has won again. I don't know what it proves to you, but it proves to other people that continuous safety records such as yours can be obtained and can be maintained. These other people the first couple of years began to wonder why. I know that your methods, which have been in vogue here, have been studied. I've seen Mr. McAuliffe buttonholed at mining meetings. I've heard the questions put to him. You've got a method here. Those of you who have never worked in any other place will never recognize it.

"I had somewhat of a speech to make to you today. I had it done up and then came out ahead of it. It was to reach me in the mail, but it hasn't arrived. Out of it I want to pick one little thought and leave it with you. I can sum it up in one word. It's a word that means a lot to most of us, those of us who qualify directly, and it has a bearing on the trophy itself. That word is 'family.' I'm reminded that in these great days of grave danger, danger to the world, to the established customs and institutions, days when nations sway back and forth from one kind of policy to another kind of policy, I think that the world is learning more and more of the strength and goodness of this institution that we call 'family.'

"As a matter of fact, without mentioning the name of the country, there is one which we all know years ago attacked and abandoned the institution of 'family.' They laughed at it. It took them a number of years to learn that they were wrong. It has had to save itself politically and economically and spiritually, although they might call it country morale, by going back and establishing their faith in the institution of 'family.' It is the hope of that particular country. It is the hope of the other countries. We have seen that it was such an important factor that our enemies, the Nazis, have, of course, seized on the family as their greatest source of slave labor, of treason and all the other dastardly things which they themselves have brought about to bring pressure on the men and women of their captive nations.

"I think we have all read in the newspapers and heard on the radio about the experiences of persons who have escaped from Germany and France, that the one great hope which these men have in their hearts is the safety of their families, of their wives, mothers, fathers, and children.

"I bring that up only because of this. In 1924, I was one of those who had to do with the conception, the creation of this competition. For month after month after month, in conversations with men in the industry, with men in the U. S. Bureau of Mines, with men in the safety fields, we talked back and forth

as to what would be the motive, what would be the evidence, the sign around which we could rally this safety effort. Very fortunately and

The bronze Sentinels of Safety trophy, won by us seven times

happily we said 'family.' And so we created what we call the Sentinels of Safety in which the wife and the small child welcome the father back home at night at the end of the shift. That's why it is called Sentinels of Safety.

"I would like to say again that during this very terrible struggle when your services are needed so badly, your help so tremendously important, that you can help and serve in a great measure by keeping yourself safe. By maintaining your family by that safety and in the days when peace comes by continuing that spirit of safe service, you can help to build that peace which we all hope will come out of this conflict we are in today. You have done your part admirably, but you must keep on doing it, not only for your sakes here, but because of the example which you are setting continuously for the rest of the industry, where in parts they still don't believe that it can be done. You have proven that it can be done time and time again.

"On this seventh presentation, while you may take it in your stride, please keep in mind that, as I say, the eyes of the coal mining industry are on you here and that you can continue this magnificent record in safety maintenance.

"Mr. McAuliffe, I want to congratulate you and the men with you for doing this great thing, not for yourselves alone here, but for everyone in the country who is seeking and striving to do the same thing which you have been doing so successfully."

In a brief talk, George A. Brown, Superintendent of the Superior mines, recalled his skepticism during the early days of safety work as to whether it actually was possible for a mine to operate for a year without a lost-time accident. Mr. Brown then went on to say:

"The men did the best they could, and finally 'B' Mine, followed by 'C' Mine, won the trophy. This makes the fifth time Superior has won this trophy, and I might say that I am proud of the record and also of the men who have been responsible for our winning this trophy. If it hadn't been for their cooperation, we wouldn't be here to accept it. The responsibility of winning this trophy is more or less upon the shoulders of the men who are digging the coal."

As a representative of the men of "D" Mine, Mr. Sam Dexter spoke in part as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, officials of The Union Pacific Coal Company, honored guests, and fellow workmen:

"Attempting to make a speech is a very difficult task for me. I am reminded of Jack Dempsey's remark after he won the world's championship and was making a tour of France. At a dinner given in his honor he was asked to make a speech, to which he replied, 'I can't make a speech, but I can lick anyone in the house.' Unlike Mr. Dempsey, I neither can make a speech nor lick anyone in the house.

"It is indeed a pleasure to me to be here today to celebrate an outstanding achievement of a year's work without a lost-time accident. It is something to be proud of. I know that the executives of this Company, from the President down to the Unit Foremen, are just as proud as we, the workmen, to be able to be present at this banquet and receive the safety award.

"Sitting here today, my mind goes back to the time when we did not have all the modern safety equipment and devices which are so essential to saving lives and cutting down lost-time accidents. We have been very fortunate to have had first-aid training; in the olden days, they had to bring the injured man out in the

coal car to a doctor before he could get relief from his injuries.

"But, unfortunately, the mines are not the only place where so many accidents occur. Statistics show that 30,000 deaths a year occur in and around the home, the cause being burns, falls, suffocation, and poisoning. Home accidents are greater than industrial and occupational accidents combined; therefore, the first aid training we receive can be put to good use in the home as well."

After a few words from Wyoming State Coal Mine Inspector Hugh McLeod, who gave unstinted praise to the men who brought the trophy back to the sagebrush country, Mr. Bayless read the names of the new members of the Sigma Tau Epsilon Safety Society. They are as follows:

JOE SALVATICO
KENNETH WILCOX
GEORGE HARRIS
ANDREW SPENCE
FRANK PREVEDEL
BENJAMIN CAINE
COLIN HODGSON

Mr. McAuliffe presenting keys to the new members of the Sigma Tau Epsilon Safety Society

To each new member was presented a key by the founder of the Society, Mr. McAuliffe, who gave a brief history of the organization, its growth, and its future possibilities. In his concluding remarks that closed the program, Mr. McAuliffe stressed again that men everywhere must strive always for the furtherance of safety and better living conditions.

"Gentlemen of the Sigma Tau Epsilon and those of us who can't get in, including myself:

"This organization is the first Greek safety organization ever formed in the world that I know about. My belief was if a man could run his place for three years as a foreman without a lost-time accident he was doing a good job, and that we should get up something that would carry to the individual some evidence of distinction. The Sigma Tau Epsilon Safety Society was formed on February 27, 1941. You started with 43 charter members. Enough additions have been made to date to give the Society a total membership of 76 men. Thirty-three men have been taken in; 12 of that 33 were taken in today, 7 of whom are present.

"We went to a great deal of effort to design an emblem that would be attractive. I think we fairly well succeeded. But what I'm getting at is this. Yours is one of the most exclusive organizations that there is in the United States. You can break into the Knights of Columbus or the Masons, but you've got to work three years to get into the Sigma Tau Epsilon unless you happen to be a foreman or a superintendent who can get in on one year by winning the Sentinels of Safety Trophy.

"When we started this thing at the beginning of the war, I spoke to a number of my friends about it. They were all appreciative and thought it was a good thing. Production, manpower, shortage of material have occupied their waking hours, but I definitely feel that when the war is over, your society will be taken up in different parts of the country. They'll put the by-laws into effect and start chapters, and I propose to live long enough to see chapters of this organization in many different parts of the United States with an annual convention.

"Now I'm not talking nonsense. In 1908 I organized in my office in the city of Chicago a railway fuel organization. We started with conventions, a book of proceedings, papers, discussions, all bound up in a beautiful book, leather and gold, and all that kind of thing, and we attained a membership of 2,200 men from all parts of the world. It was a democratic organization. We took in a state railway locomotive driver from Egypt. It spread to Great Britain, to India, Australia and many other countries. We did not have the incentive to start an organization in 1908 that we had when we started the Sigma Tau Epsilon organization. I say to you this thing is going through. It will be carried through by men who strive for membership in it and thereafter educate men who will try to attain membership in it. I'm really proud of it. You have to serve three years to get in but there's lots of room for competition in this mine safety. The Sigma Tau fellows have a chance to build something big and there is a distinct honor in being a charter member.

"Just a word in conclusion. As Mr. Marvin said, this little bronze statue was conceived out of a purpose in the minds of a number of men who were seriously interested in reducing mine accidents and explosions, with great losses of life. Then, Mr. Marvin's company employed a sculptor of national reputation to design the trophy, and you boys have brought it back here seven times in eleven years. I rather wish it would get down to Hanna once, for it is always encouraging to win a prize.

"It was fine of Mr. Reeder, Mr. Marvin and

Mr. Bailey to come over to be with us today. Mr. McLeod is an institution, we depend on him.

"I think that this is a great event and while we are working under the cloud of the greatest war that this world has ever experienced, we are not relaxing for one moment in trying to keep a human relationship with our employes and to improve the living conditions and safety conditions of our people."

The Rev. Father Albin Gnidovec, of Rock Springs, gave the invocation and pronounced the benediction.

Run of the Mine

Our Women Workers

THE Union Pacific Coal Company, as a last resort, when unable to obtain enough male workers to fuel the Union Pacific Railroad, accepted the dictum of the President of the United States and the Chairman of the War Manpower Commission, and began to employ women on September 17, 1942, a total of 187 women employed, of whom there remained on our payrolls in June, 1944, an even 100.

The character of service rendered in June was:

Working on picking tables in tipples	75
Panel operators in tipples	2
Machinist apprentices in shops	14
Electrician apprentices in shops	6
Welder apprentices in shops	2
Electrician	1
Total	100

During the month of June the 100 women, of whom 22 were shop apprentices, worked an average of 22.822 days, or five and one-third days per week, for which they were paid a rather good wage, the daily earnings averaging,

Through regular wages	$8.36
Portal to portal and vacation pay	.98
Total average earnings per shift	$9.34

The mines worked 26 days in June, the average absenteeism shown by the 100 women 3.178 days, or 12.22 percent, the **average earnings** of the women running:

Regular wage	$190.84
Portal to portal pay	3.64
Vacation pay	18.81
Total	$213.29

Who are these women? A study of the June roster shows:

Widows	7
Married	46
Single	42
Divorced	1
Separated from husband	4
Total	100
Husbands in armed forces	14
Number with dependent children	33
Total dependent children	55
Number with relatives employed by company	68

The employment of these women was the outcome of a sheer shortage of male labor. They are a small fraction of the more than 6,000,000 women working in munitions factories, airplane and shipbuilding plants, in railway yards, coach yards, driving trucks, buses, and street cars, and on the farms in varying capacities. The 187 women employed were hired with the full approval of the officers of District No. 22, U.M.W. of A. They are members of the union, paying union dues and assessments and receive the wage paid to men in like employment. They, with other outside employes, receive the "portal to portal" increase although they never enter a mine portal, nor is their work, as determined by actual experience, any more hazardous than any other task performed by women, other than those who are engaged in clerical work.

We have presented the "women employment" situation clearly and frankly, and we have felt that our position in employing women during the war period was commendable. Apparently the 187 women who accepted employment agreed with us, but not so some element of the union, the field receiving a visitation from two outstate officials who recently called at Rock Springs to see why these women, union members, and largely coming from union mine employes' families, were being allowed to work for union wages and at union hours, rather than to work elsewhere for less than one-half the wages they are now earning.

After the Civil War, the radical government element then controlling Federal affairs in Washington sent an army of so-called "carpet baggers" into the defeated Southern States to govern them. The sending of a pair of union outstaters into Wyoming to take a "look see" at how **coal is not mined** by women, savors of the old post-Civil-War carpet bag days. Girls and women, especially you who are widows caring for your little ones, you whose husbands are too ill to work, and more particularly the young mother of two small children whose husband is blind, do not lose your sense of humor, more so that you are not yet out of a job.

The Union Pacific Coal Company would never have resorted to the employment of women in its machine shops and on tipples if it could have averted the extraordinary labor turnover suffered in the past two years, as well as the unwarranted measure of absenteeism displayed by able bodied male workers, which ran 13.1 percent for the first half of 1944, and 26.2 percent during the period July 1 to 9, inclusive, during which period the vacation allowance of $50 per man who was in the company's employ one year was made, with the distinct understanding that the vacation period was to be restricted to Tuesday, July 4.

Gen. Roosevelt Buried in Normandy

His Grave Among Those of Doughboy Buddies

FROM a press dispatch we glean the story of the burial in French soil of Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the elder son of former President Theodore Roosevelt, who commanded the "Rough Riders" in the Spanish-American War of 1898. General Roosevelt was buried in the soil of France, on which he fought two wars, on the evening of Friday, July 14. Captain Quentin Roosevelt, who is mentioned in the story which follows, bears the name of his uncle, Lt. Quentin Roosevelt, who was a gallant flier in World War I, and whose remains yet lie in the soil of France, in whose defense he fought. Of Brigadier General Roosevelt, the correspondent writes:

He lies among two thousand doughboys he loved and who gave their lives in battle in the same cause for which he wore out his restless heart.

The general, who died of a heart attack induced by exhaustion, was buried with pomp and pageantry in a stirring, memorable military ceremony.

Even as the flag-draped wooden coffin was lowered, the distant rattle of machine guns and the black patches of anti-aircraft fire bursting in the clouds told of the progress of the war against the enemy.

Three volleys rang out under the elm trees, and bugles sounded the silvery notes of taps in the darkening twilight as the red soil of Normandy received the body of Gen. "Teddy."

Standing mute as a statue during the 20-minute ceremony was the general's son, Quentin, a captain in "Teddy's" favorite division, the "Fighting 1st." Beside him were the general's aide, Lt. Marcus Stevenson of San Antonio, Tex., son of the Texas governor, and the driver of the general's jeep for the last two years, T/4 Kurt Show, of Roslyn, N.Y.

Marching to his grave, too, went six generals, including Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Huebner, Maj. Gen. James L. Collins and Maj. Gen. Raymond Barton, and other high-ranking officers of the 1st Division and the 4th Division, of which Roosevelt was assistant commander.

What would have given the most joy to "Teddy" was the presence of several hundred rankless doughboys and scores of patriotic French resistance leaders and their families, who showered the coffin with Normandy roses.

Down the long aisle between rows of white painted wooden crosses, past a flower wreath inscribed by the French "A Nos Liberateurs"—to Our Liberators—marched the divisional band playing Chopin's Funeral March. Behind it at a slow step moved the firing squad and color guard bearing the American and 4th Division flags.

Two chaplains wearing black stoles over their olive drab battle dress followed.

Behind them was the flag-covered coffin on an armored half-track.

After the pallbearers marched Capt. Roosevelt, Stevenson and Show. Then came the generals and staff officers, an honor company composed of men from every unit in the division, and finally a group of close friends of Gen. Roosevelt from the 1st Division.

We also learn from newspaper dispatches that Lt. Col. Archibald Roosevelt, younger brother of General Theodore, was recently wounded by shrapnel while engaged in the fighting on Biak island in the South Pacific. Another brother, Major Kermit Roosevelt, died while in active service with the armed forces in Alaska in June, 1943.

If it is given to the older fighting Theodore to look down on his boys, he will be as proud as Lucifer.

Our Poetry for August

After selecting a poem for reproduction in this issue of the Employes' Magazine, we ran across the article "Shakespeare—Lover of England," originally broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Feeling that this article deserved publication, we will substitute it for our August poetry column.

Mr. E. C. Way Retires from Washington Union Coal Company

WITH the transfer of the Tono, Washington, mine to Mr. William Strain on March 1, 1944, and the closing of the Washington Union Coal Company's local affairs in Washington, Mr. E. C. Way, for nearly twelve years the joint agent of the Washington Union and Bucoda Coal Mining Companies, retired from the service of the first mentioned company on July 31.

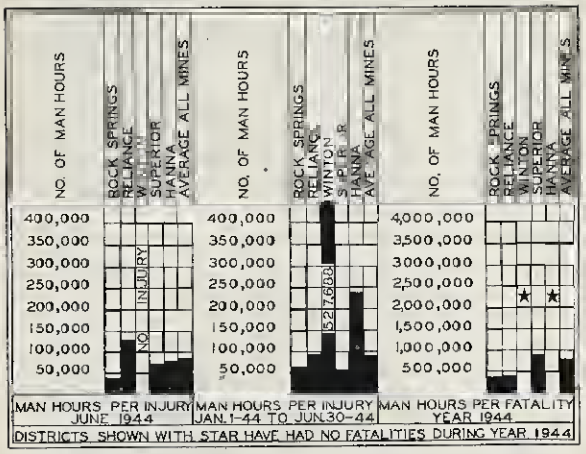
Mr. Way entered the service of The Union Pacific Coal Company at Cumberland, Wyoming, in 1903, and was transferred to Tono in 1909. During their residence in Cumberland, three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Way, one son now in the U.S. Navy, a second son in the Army, the third child, a daughter, residing in Tacoma.

Mr. Way's knowledge of Old Cumberland, now a ghost mining town, is quite as extensive as it is of Tono, where he was employed during the active production period of a happy and comfortable mining town, whose baseball and first aid and mine rescue teams were known throughout the West.

Mr. Way will continue his connection with the Bucoda Coal Mining Company, residing in his comfortable and spacious home in Centralia, Washington, the good will of his old associates one of his treasured possessions.

Make It Safe

June Accident Graph



WITH the end of June, we finished the first half of the year 1944. It may be well for us to check and see where we stand. First in regard to fatalities: During the past six months, we have had five fatal accidents which compared with two for the same period in 1943. This also is one more than was reported for the entire year of 1943. Comparison of injuries, including fatalities, shows 42 for the first half of 1944 and 29 for the same period of 1943, man hours per injury during January 1 to June 30, 1944, 92,236, and for the same period for 1943, 114,367. These records show we have definitely lost ground both in fatal and other serious accident records. The trend is in the wrong direction and our job is to find the answer, then to do something about it. The major portion of all injuries can be avoided if the workman knows how to do his job safely and then **does** it the safe way. Not doing the job in a safe way is generally the primary cause for more of the injuries rather than not knowing how to do the job and do it safely. It is going to be necessary that all of us do our particular jobs better—better timbering, better haulage practices, more attention to roof, and better maintenance and use of equipment. These are some of the things that make it possible for us to do a better job.

Everyone should analyze his job and see how he can do it more safely and do it better. It will surprise you the number of things each one can do to improve his own safety. Let us do a better job in the second half of 1944. A casualty in industry affects our war effort nearly as much as a casualty on the front.

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES
June, 1944

	Man Hours	Injuries	Man Hours Per Injury
Rock Springs No. 4	9,036	0	No Injury
Rock Springs No. 8	51,327	2	25,664
Rock Springs No. 11	30,753	1	30,753
Rock Springs Outside	30,032	0	No Injury
Total	121,148	3	40,383
Reliance No. 1	52,101	0	No Injury
Reliance No. 7	51,264	1	51,264
Reliance Outside	27,446	0	No Injury
Total	130,811	1	130,811
Stansbury Inside	46,215	0	No Injury
Stansbury Outside	11,252	0	No Injury
Total	57,467	0	No Injury
Winton No. 1	25,794	0	No Injury
Winton No. 7½	35,928	0	No Injury
Winton Outside	17,609	0	No Injury
Total	79,331	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams	62,163	0	No Injury
Nos. 9 and 15 Seams	55,134	2	27,567
Superior Outside	25,312	0	No Injury
Total	142,609	2	71,305
Hanna No. 4-A	52,335	1	52,335
Hanna Outside	29,020	0	No Injury
Total	81,355	1	81,355
ALL DISTRICTS, 1944	612,721	7	87,532
ALL DISTRICTS, 1943	431,295	4	107,824

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES
January 1 to June 30, 1944

	Man Hours	Injuries	Man Hours Per Injury
Rock Springs No. 4	94,833	2	47,417
Rock Springs No. 8	329,283	7	47,040
Rock Springs No. 11	219,618	4	54,905
Rock Springs Outside	182,897	0	No Injury
Total	826,631	13	63,587
Reliance No. 1	340,002	2	170,001
Reliance No. 7	340,425	5	68,085
Reliance Outside	171,882	2	85,941
Total	852,309	9	94,701
Stansbury Inside	199,764	1	199,764
Stansbury Outside	69,957	1	69,957
Total	269,721	2	134,861
Winton No. 1	181,494	0	No Injury
Winton No. 7½	240,723	1	240,723
Winton Outside	105,471	0	No Injury
Total	527,688	1	527,688
Superior "D"	62,064	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams	350,640	8	43,830
Nos. 9 and 15 Seams	333,900	7	47,700

Superior Outside	170,665	0	No Injury
Total	917,269	15	61,151
Hanna No. 4-A	329,157	2	164,579
Hanna Outside	151,130	0	No Injury
Total	480,287	2	240,144
ALL DISTRICTS, 1944	3,873,905	42	92,236
ALL DISTRICTS, 1943	3,316,635	29	114,367

STATEMENT SHOWING NUMBER OF CALENDAR DAYS WORKED BY DEPARTMENTS OR MINES SINCE THE LAST LOST TIME INJURY

Figures to June 30, 1944

	Underground Employes Calendar Days
Rock Springs No. 4	34
Rock Springs No. 8	20
Rock Springs No. 11	20
Reliance No. 1	127
Reliance No. 7	25
Stansbury	
No. 3 Seam	51
No. 7½ Seam	325
Winton No. 1	536
Winton No. 7½	112
Superior D. O. Clark	8
Hanna No. 4-A	16

	Outside Employes Calendar Days
Rock Springs No. 4 Tipple	4,994
Rock Springs No. 8 Tipple	220
Rock Springs No. 11 Tipple	881
Reliance Tipple	74
Winton Tipple	5,194
Superior D. O. Clark Tipple	355
Hanna No. 4-A Tipple	2,422

	General Outside Employes Calendar Days
Rock Springs	4,306
Reliance	657
Stansbury	170
Winton	4,791
Superior	280
Hanna	3,166

June Injuries

John Dorigatti, Italian, age 59, married, loader head man, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine. Hernia, right side.

John had two cars at the loader head and had just finished loading the first one. The track was nearly level at this point and it was necessary to push the loaded car a short distance in order to make room for the next empty under the discharge pan. As he was pushing the loaded car, he felt a sharp pain in his right side.

August Wagner, German, age 71, widower, timberman, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine. **FATAL.**

The Fire Boss reported a fall of top coal between two units on one of the haulage entries. Timbermen were sent in with the crew on the man trip to timber the place. The Unit Foreman assigned two men from the crews to help clean the coal on the track, and August was one of these men. He and the Unit Foreman checked the top and it appeared to be all right. The two men then started to clean the coal from the side of the track. A piece of rock broke from over the lip of top coal and struck August on the head and neck.

C. L. Baker, American, age 27, married, machine man, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 11 Mine. Fracture of distal phalanx of great toe, left foot.

This crew was working in an entry stump. The coal had been shot down on a gouge pan, and Baker was picking and pulling the coal onto the pan. He pulled a large lump down and stepped toward the front of the pan to avoid being struck by it. His foot was caught between the end of the gouge pan and the coal.

Norman McQueen, American, age 44, married, loader head man, Section No. 1, Reliance No. 7 Mine. Fractured pelvis, right side.

Norman had just brought out three loads to the parting and was unable to couple the loads to the single load left standing. Norman returned to the loading head and completed loading three more cars, then returned to the parting. He coupled the two three-car trips together but was unable to couple the rope car. A pipeman was on the parting and ran the motor while Norman attempted to couple the cars. Norman stepped between the cars, the rope car rolled back, catching him between loaded cars on the curve.

Norman L. Hutson, American, age 21, single, nipper, Section No. 2, Superior D. O. Clark Mine, No. 15 Seam. Lacerated inner aspect of right foot.

Norman was nipping on the Joy loader and was switching the loads in a high side slant. He got off the trip and threw the switch, signaling the motorman to push the trip forward. When the trip approached Norman, he tried to jump on the front bumper and missed, falling to the side of the car with one foot on the rail. His foot was dragged along the rail about three feet before the trip was stopped.

Pete Casias, American, age 36, married, Duckbill operator, Section No. 2, Superior D. O. Clark Mine, No. 15 Seam. Crushed left foot and toes.

Pete had the Duckbill extended about eighteen inches when it failed to operate properly, so he placed his left foot against the snout to help it along. The Duckbill came back, catching his foot between the brake block on the ratchet and the snout.

Gust Fagerholm, Finlander, age 60, widower, Duckbill operator, Section No. 2, Hanna No. 4-A Mine. Simple fracture of 3rd and 4th metatarsal bones right foot and lacerated shin bone.

Gust and his partner were loading out a fall of coal at the face of the inside air course, when they noticed a loose piece of rib coal on the right-hand side. Gust took a pick and pulled it down, and when he did so, part of the coal broke off, turned over and caught him on the right foot.

June Safety Awards

FIRST AID was the main theme of our safety meetings held during the first week of July. A first aid picture "Help Wanted" was shown at all of the meetings and was a very instructive film.

Mr. Bayless spoke at the Winton, Reliance and Rock Springs meetings, and in addition to making remarks concerning first aid, he mentioned the hazards of mine fires, pointing out ways and means by which everyone could help prevent them. He also requested each individual to do his part and not relax in his effort to protect himself while at work.

Mr. Murray, speaking at the Superior and Rock Springs meetings, asked everyone present to avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the first aid classes. He also spoke generally regarding the war and our part in it, asking everyone to work steadily and safely.

Mention was made of our Semi-Annual Safety Meeting, which will be held August 11th in all districts. It was explained that July started a new contest, and everyone working without a lost-time injury during the second half of the year would have a chance to win similar prizes sometime in February of next year.

Following is a list of the winners:

Mine	First Prize $15 each	Second Prize $10 each	Third prize and General Outside Award $5 each	Unit Foremen $10 each
Rock Springs No. 4 and Stansbury	Dominick Calza	Dave Gathercole	Morris Vavold	Jack Koskie
Rock Springs and Stansbury Outside			Lilly Sikich Kay Pratt	
Reliance Nos. 1 and 11	John Fabiny, Jr.	Lester Garrison	Paul Cieslar	M. J. Duzik
Reliance Outside			Edwin Dunn, Jr. Doris Albert	
Winton No. 1	Pete Trahalis	Paul Martin	John M. Snider	Elbin Robinson
Winton No. 7½	Matthew Miller	Jesse L. McClure	Harry Kounalis	Thos. Edwards
Winton Outside			Richard Gregory John Rebol	
Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams	Wm. Dieu, Sr.	Dan Susich	John Vesco	Robert Woolrich
Superior Outside			Harry Cassari Grace Phillips	
Hanna Outside			Emil Salo Frank Bisignano	
TOTAL	$75	$50	$75	$50

Suits of clothes awarded: Tony Varros, Reliance No. 1; Joe Tomisich, Winton No. 1; and Abraham Trujillo, Winton No. 7½.

Rock Springs Nos. 8 and 11; Reliance No. 7; Superior D. O. Clark, Nos. 9 and 15 Seams; and Hanna No. 4-A were ineligible to participate.

Keep Your Name Off This List

THE following men, on account of their having sustained a lost-time injury during the period from January 1 to June 30, 1944, will not be eligible to participate in the drawing for the grand prize, which will be awarded at the Semi-Annual Safety Meeting to be held August 11, 1944, in the Old Timers' Building, Rock Springs, Wyoming:

ROCK SPRINGS

Orval LeRoy Adams
C. L. Baker
John Begovich
Andrew Bernard
James Besso
Clarence Cregger
John Dorigatti
James E. Lowey
Tom Puhovsky
Berton H. Scritchfield
Frank Shiamanna

RELIANCE

Jack Clingan
Albert A. Daffron
John J. Galbraith
William Griffith
Lewis Groshel
James Hutson
Norman McQueen

STANSBURY

Steve Drazovich
Paul Lokas

WINTON
William Young

SUPERIOR

Ross Baca	Howard E. Daniel
Lee Balch	John L. Davis
Lewis L. Burnett	Antonio Gallegos
James O. Canaday	Russell Gordon
Pete Casias	Norman L. Hutson
Victor Chaussart	Charles S. Killham
John L. Clark	Leonard F. Owen

HANNA

Gust Fagerholm	John W. Sudbury

Sigma Tau Epsilon Safety Society Holds Meeting

THE Sigma Tau Epsilon Safety Honor Society held its first meeting of the year at the Rock Springs Community Hall on July 2, 1944, forty-one members being present.

The various committees assumed their duties, transacted business and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

George Wales, Hanna, President
R. C. Bailey, Winton, First Vice-President
Adam Flockhart, Superior, Second Vice-President
Thomas Overy, Jr., Reliance, Secretary.

The members of the Sigma Tau Epsilon were guests of "D" Mine, Superior, winners of the Sentinels of Safety Trophy, at a luncheon held at twelve o'clock noon in the Old Timers' Building, Rock Springs. Twelve new members were accepted into the organization and the keys were presented to these men by Mr. Eugene McAuliffe at this luncheon.

Mr. Arthur Jeanselme, first secretary and charter member who is now residing in Utah, was present at the meeting.

Boy Scout Activities

By Lowell E. Larsen

CAMPOREE! Yes, Sir!

Thirty-five Scouts of Rock Springs and Reliance, representing four troops, held a Camporee on June 14th and 15th at the Korean Gardens, west of Green River. The Camporee was conducted on a patrol basis, each patrol endeavoring to show its camp "know-how" by the selection of camp sites, utilization of natural resources, cooking ability, cleanliness, health, safety, disposal of waste and garbage, camp gadgets, etc. Rated inspection of the eight competing patrols was conducted several times during the Camporee by the Camp Staff under the direction of Folkman Brown, Field Scout Executive and "Camporee Chief" from Logan.

Scouts checked in and set up camp between two and four o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th. The Camporee officially opened at five o'clock with a Flag Ceremony. After supper and inspection of patrols by the staff, Don Pipkin, Neighborhood Commissioner, supervised a game period which was followed by a camp fire and Court of Honor attended by about twenty-five parents and friends. The Camp Fire and Court of Honor were under the direction of Edwin James, District Commissioner. Owen West and John Anselmi presented Merit Badges and Badges of Rank to eligible Scouts. The Camporee closed at two p. m., on the 15th, after a morning spent in regular Scout activities and field day competition.

Well! It's happened!

Several months ago, plans were made to secure the services of a full-time Scout Executive for the Wyoming Area of Cache Valley Council. Mr. Pond, our Scout Executive at Logan, has informed the Pilot Butte District Committee that Folkman Brown will be transferred to Rock Springs shortly after the close of the 1944 summer camping season.

Mr. Brown has been Field Executive with headquarters in Logan, Utah, for the past two years and is well known in Scouting circles in the Wyoming area. He is especially well known to "Newfork Campers," of 1943, and is Newfork Camp "Chief" again this year. It is expected that Mr. Brown will be in Rock Springs around the first of September.

"Well, if it ain't little Clarence, who used to play absentee every pay-day"

Our Men In The Armed Forces

SECOND LIEUT. DARIO L. RIZZI, Army Air Forces, who was employed as a Faceman at the D. O. Clark Mine, Superior, prior to his entering the service, was killed on July 12th in a plane crash at El Paso, Texas.

Dario, a navigator in a B-24 bomber, received his commission on June 10th at the army air base, Hondo, Texas. Directly after his graduation there, he returned to Superior on leave prior to reporting at the army air base, Lincoln, Neb.

Dario was born May 8, 1923, in Livingston, Ill. About fourteen years ago his family moved to Superior, where he attended high school and was graduated.

Besides his father, Adolph Rizzi, of Superior, Dario is survived by a brother, Edward Rizzi, who is with the United States armed forces in Canada; four sisters, Mrs. Rudolph Piz of Ogden, Virgil Rizzi of Reliance, Elma Rizzi of Superior and Albena Rizzi of Oakland, Calif. His mother died before the family moved to Superior.

Although he never saw action in the skies of other lands, Dario served with the same determination, with the same devotion, that guides those of greater fame.

On May 20th, Ella Elizabeth Carlson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl J. Carlson, of Superior, was married to Pfc. Everett W. Youngberg, of Jamestown, N. Y., at a Lutheran church, in Denver.

Ella is a graduate of the Superior High School, where she was an outstanding student. She attended Barnes School of Commerce, Denver, on a scholarship. Until the time of her marriage, she was employed at the Denver Federal Reserve bank.

Pfc. and Mrs. Everett W. Youngberg

Private Youngberg was graduated from the Jamestown High School and now is stationed in Denver with the Army Air Forces.

Ella's father, Carl J. Carlson, is Assistant Mine Foreman at the D. O. Clark Mine, Superior.

Lt. Oliver Keith Morris, a member of the far-famed Caterpillar Club, enlisted in the Army Air Corps December 18, 1941. He received his primary training at Visalia, California, and his basic at Merced, California. He was commissioned June 23, 1942, at Luke Field, Arizona, at the completion of his advanced training.

Lt. Oliver Keith Morris

Lt. Morris now is stationed at Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he is a pilot of a B-24 and AT-11 of which he is squadron commander.

He is the grandson of Gus Sandstrom, member of the Old Timers' Association, and Mrs. Mary Morris, of Rock Springs; the great-grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Thayer; and the great-great-grandson of Oliver C. Smith, who was paymaster of the Construction Department of the Union Pacific Railroad when it was being built through here in 1868.

Lt. Morris is the son-in-law of Mrs. Arthur L. Halvorsen.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them; power flows to the man who knows how. —Elbert Hubbard

Lt. (J.G.) Robert C. Witherspoon is the son-in-law of Mrs. Arthur L. Halvorsen, employe in the Rock Springs Company Store, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Witherspoon, of Kemmerer, Wyo.

Lt. Witherspoon enlisted in the navy in November, 1942, was called into the service on December 25th and received his basic training at Purdue University, South Bend, Ind., and New Orleans. He now is an instructor at the Naval Air Station, Minneapolis, Minn.

Prior to entering the service, the aviator was assistant manager of the Witherspoon Motor Co., in Kemmerer. He is a graduate of the University of Utah and a member of the Masonic Order, Lions Club, Beta Theta Pi, social fraternity, Alpha Kappa Psi, professional business administration fraternity, and Owl and Key, honorary fraternity.

A total of four employes left during the month of June to serve their country. Their names are as follows:

ROCK SPRINGS
James, Thomas J.

SUPERIOR
Huff, Gervis Junior
Mecca, Rudy
Zamboni, Marco Henry

Effective June 30, 1944, the number of employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company who have entered the armed forces is as follows:

Rock Springs	111
Reliance	238
Stansbury	10
Winton	155
Superior	169
Hanna	98
Omaha	1
TOTAL	782

Historic Old Chew House

By Henry Stanton Tillotson

THE OLD Chew House in Germantown is now a part of Philadelphia. Here occurred the most desperate fighting on that tragic day in 1777 when the Americans made their surprise attack on the British and the Hessians that were occupying the town.

The estate, known as "Cliveden," was at the time of the battle in the possession of Chief Justice Benjamin Chew, having been built in 1761. The substantial stone house is located some distance back from what is now Germantown Avenue, a highway that in Colonial times was one of the important arteries connecting Germantown with outlying sections.

After their disastrous defeat at the Brandywine, it was believed that the American forces were too demoralized to engage the British again. Nevertheless, early in the morning of October 4, 1777, Washington's men advanced on the town from several directions, the main column under Generals Wayne, Sullivan and Conway approaching by way of the main road. Attacking the British outposts as they advanced, they soon had the enemy in full retreat. A considerable body of the Americans following up the fleeing "redcoats" had passed Cliveden when it was noted that a heavy rifle fire was coming from the house.

The battle-scarred Chew House in Germantown, Pennsylvania, center of the struggle of October 4, 1777, when Washington and his men made their unheralded attack on the British and their Hessian mercenaries

Washington halted his column and after a hurried conference with his officers in front of the home of Widow Deshler, a few hundred feet north of Cliveden, decided on a siege of the British barricaded behind the sturdy walls of the Chew House. The Fortieth Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Musgrave, had taken possession of the mansion and prepared for an attack. The fighting around the house was of a desperate character, and it is said that the first shot from the American cannon burst

(Please turn to page 303)

The United States of America and the United States Army

By COL. P. H. M. CONVERSE, Military Attache, American Legation, Baghdad, Iraq

THE following address was delivered at the "Week of the Allies" ceremonies in Jerusalem, Palestine, March, 1944, at the invitation of GOS Palestine Base and L/C Command, Hq. Jerusalem, and per orders from the Commanding General, the United States Armed Forces in the Middle East. The audience was composed of British and Allied Forces, all ranks, civilian officials and others.

* * *

It is a very real pleasure and privilege to come here this evening to talk to you for a while about the country from which I come—The United States of America.

A little over two months ago occurred the second anniversary of Pearl Harbor and the entrance of the United States into the actual combat phase of this war. Since then my country has found itself side by side with the other United Nations, engaged in a desperate effort to clear the world of tyranny and worse.

To win the war, and equally to secure the peace, we must have comradeship—forge an effective combat team. To do this we must have a genuine and true understanding of each other.

Now, understanding is the basis of loyalty and confidence, always indispensable to the good relations between nations; whereas, especially in the charged and sullen atmosphere of war, misunderstanding leads only to doubt, weakness and defeat.

The author standing in the garden of the Military Attache Building, American Legation, Baghdad, Iraq, April, 1944

So I would urge that we, individually and collectively, set immediately about the business of getting better acquainted.

We have heard in the course of this week from a number of our Allies. Speakers representing China, Czechoslovakia, France, Poland, Greece, Jugoslavia and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will have appeared before us. And tomorrow night we are to hear from representatives of India, the Dominions, and the United Kingdom.

My purpose in repeating the names of these countries at this time is twofold. I repeat them, first of all, because each one has made an immense contribution to our common cause. Each holds a position of high honor and respect on that roster of Democracy, the United Nations. In every instance, their records are records of great sacrifice, of devotion to our cause—the defeat of Germany and Japan. For them, no sacrifice, and no cost has been or is too great.

But tonight, as a representative of the United States, I have another, more personal reason for repeating their names here. I have been asked to tell you something of my country, its people and their way of living. This I shall try to do. But before I try, I must say that I feel that no picture of my country, the United States of America, would be complete without sincere acknowledgment to each of these countries, and others, of the great contributions they have made to us and that way of life we know today as American. Indeed, I count this a rare honor to be privileged, as a comrade in arms and as the representative of my country, to stand among you and make this acknowledgment. I know that it has been made before, many times. It will be made again and again. It has been made in words more enduring than those I may offer here. And, above all, it has been made in deeds that will endure long after words are forgotten.

Now let me tell you something of the environment from which we Americans come.

We are a young nation. Our history is comparatively short, as histories go. The United States government runs back only 160 years.

Contrast that with the Middle East—Palestine, where we are tonight. Here their written records reflect a full-blown civilization and culture running back over 6,000 years.

Seventy-five years ago we were young, not very strong, thinly populated, poorly developed economically.

Today we have come ahead to the point where our resources are pretty well developed.

The Continental United States has almost every kind of climate and terrain, from the hot deserts of Texas and Arizona to the vast mountainous areas of the high Rockies; from Tropical Florida and the Gulf States to the cold and blizzardly re-

gions of Minnesota and the Dakotas; from the great farming and grazing plains of Kansas, and the Middle West, to the heavily timbered and watered woodlands of the northern border states. We have a long coast line, several thousand miles, and large inland seas, The Great Lakes, breeding a sturdy maritime and seafaring population, worthy descendants of the old-time whalers and clipper shipmen.

You call us at times a "Melting Pot" or "Social and Human Laboratory". Not far from the truth! For we have very large, and, incidentally, very loyal and useful, foreign groups settled in our country. Most of them came in search of the freedom denied them in their lands of origin. We have Scandinavian, Italian, Greek, Polish, Chinese, Japanese, German, French, some Spanish and Portuguese, and Mexicans. Ten percent of our population are negroes.

In many centers where these people have settled, their native languages are still spoken regularly, often only those of the second generation learn to speak English. This reminds me of a sign in Cairo reading, "English Spoken—American Understood."

When I took over my first Cavalry troop in the last war at Fort Ethan Allen, up in Vermont, I received one day some 60-odd replacements from the draft. A check revealed I had 36 troopers who couldn't speak a word of English, but they were all Americans.

Last but not least is the American Red Indian, the first American. He is still with us, and many are in the Army. The Indians are an interesting and fine type of people, laconic, hunters, proud, brave and intelligent.

Much of the tradition of our Army bears the imprint of the Indian wars and the struggle to clear the great plains. Some of the Indian leaders, like Geronimo, displayed truly great military skill and leadership.

Our people have forced great growth and development in a short space of time. There is much, very much, still to be done. Nevertheless, this environment has surely left its imprint on our nature, our point of view, our instinctive reactions and ways of thought. If you find them odd, try to recognize their genesis. We hope we, too, like old wine, like older nations, will improve with age.

It is the individual, and his rights and privileges, for which we in the United States are at war today. We are fighting to maintain our own and we are fighting to restore them to those countries where they have been lost. It is true that we have seen fit to forego many of those privileges which are ours in times of peace. That is true of every democracy and no less so of the United States, the oldest democracy in the world today. That democratic peoples willingly undergo certain curtailments of their privileges in times of war is perhaps one of the highest tributes that can be paid us and our form of government. It is not enough that we put armies into the field of battle. We must have, and do have, the stamina at home, the individual strength and unity of effort to sustain those armies. We must provide for them to our fullest capacity, and for our Allies as well. Toward that end today, my country is directing its vast resources as we have never been called upon to direct them before.

At the very core of this war effort stands that individual to whom I referred. In the United States, he stands over 130,000,000 strong. Of this number, nearly 10 million men are in uniform. Theirs is a task that needs no further explanation here. Their job and ours is, simply and directly, to meet the enemy on the battlefield and defeat him. That job, as we all know, is one that is being well done at this time throughout the world, wherever the Allies are engaged against the enemy.

These men come from every State, every class and occupation, from every type of climate, from desert, forest, farm and city. They are a true cross-section. But remember, a cross-section of a young, fast-changing and active people, who mean no malice; who find their neighbors and their allies often very different; who have been raised in an atmosphere of individual initiative, freedom and ambition. We are a democracy, but of the Anglo-Saxon type. Whereas the Republics of Greece and Rome put the State first and the people wholly servient to the State, we in our country put the citizen first with the government designed to serve the people. The President of the United States calls himself a "Public Servant". Public officials are public servants in my country.

Perhaps this will explain some of the characteristics which you may find odd; explain our sense of humor, sometimes deemed peculiar; our fondness for novelty, speed, and change. We may at times seem over-confident, but I count on our sense of humor to kill conceit. Conceit is a horse of another and less agreeable color. I hope you won't confuse them in use. Do you recall Carlyle's story of the professor who always took off his hat when he ventured to speak of himself? He was a **German** not an **American** professor.

Returning then, to our figures, which I propose to keep to a minimum, we have left in the United States some 120,000,000 people from whom is drawn our vital army of production. They are the people who must carry out the myriad chores of civilian life.

These members of our home front army, if I may sketch quickly, are found in the fishing schooners and on the farms of New England, in our Northeastern region. They are found in the cotton fields, the turpentine forests, the coal mines and the textile mills of our South. They are found in the huge steel smelters of our Middle Atlantic states, and in the coal mines and oil fields about which these great steel-producing centers are located. Moving west, across the Appalachian Mountain chain, they are found in the corn and wheat and

hog-raising lands of the Mississippi River Basin. Still further west, across our Great Plains region of the Rocky Mountains, they are found on the vast wheat and cattle lands. They are found in the great iron mines of the Mesabi Range, in the Great Lakes area, and on the ore barges which ply this superb inland waterway. They are at work in the forests and orchards and dairy farms of our Northwest, and in the copper and lead and zinc mines and oil fields of our Southwest and far West, or Pacific Coastal region.

Around our coastline, which stretches for more than 8,000 miles, on the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, they are at work turning out the ships that carry the materials of war around the world. They are turning out tanks and guns and munitions in huge plants whence came our automobiles in peacetime. They are turning out bombers and fighter aircraft in plants that once produced the safe and comfortable passenger aircraft of pre-war days. And it must be mentioned that they are turning out all these things, as well, in plants that never existed, even on paper, less than two years ago.

Behind this vast effort stands an army of technicians, working in laboratories scattered from coast to coast. They are at work constantly, shortening and improving production techniques here, or creating new ones there. To these researchists, and to the high-skilled, college-trained engineers and production technicians we owe much of the credit for the speed with which we were able to convert our industries from peacetime to wartime needs.

However, there is another factor which cannot be overlooked when credit is given for this speedy conversion of production. And that is the schooling given every individual who so desires in the United States. Every state has a free school system, and every child, boy or girl, is privileged to attend.

The field of agriculture, too, has profited from the work of the technician. Far-sighted planning and vigorous effort have brought us far from a period, not long ago, when our forests were ruthlessly destroyed and when our rich farm lands were permitted to waste away by erosion. Soil conservation and reforestation projects were begun on a wide scale in the 1930's. They have been carried out under government supervision and have reclaimed untold millions of acres, which today are contributing their produce to the war effort. Hand in hand with the work of these technicians has gone that of other experts who are constantly striving to improve the yield of each acre, be the yield measured in grain or lumber or meat. It is a fabulously rich land these agriculturists have had to work with. But without their contribution, it may not have been possible for us to supply as we have, and continue to supply, foodstuffs for ourselves and our allies. Certainly, our rationing measures would have had to become much more severe.

And it is on that point, rationing, that I might bring my talk back to the individual. For it has been by rationing, in a land of so great a plenty, that the average American has had the war brought close to him. Closer, perhaps, than by any other single thing. For our battle casualties, although they stand high and unforgettable in our hearts, are small compared to those, say, of Russia. Compared to our population, too, they are slight. They have only in quite recent months begun to make themselves felt at home. They have only begun to bring the war, by the most tragic of all means, into our households. Even the shock of Pearl Harbor and the bitter epics of Wake Island and Bataan failed in many ways to stir us to the dark realities facing us. It was not until the American individual found himself personally affected that his awareness of the war was sharpened. When he was suddenly and completely cut off from many articles he had come to consider as absolutely necessary to his daily well-being, he realized what the war meant. The conflict, the actual battle, was still a distant affair, something being fought in strange lands, rather than on his doorstep. But he knew at last he was in it. And in knowing, I think it wrought in him a psychological change that is all to our common good.

So then, I might offer now my picture of the American individual as I see him, two years after his country went to war.

This American individual has always had more, he felt, than any other individual anywhere in the world. His was the American dream, that curious dream of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which had been for so long a beacon before the world. He might be a farmer, a fisherman, a mechanic, a miner, a clerk, a shopkeeper. He might be anything. But he was an American. He had his automobile, he was buying a home with central heating, electricity, running water and electric refrigeration. Those were America's rewards for his daily efforts. And now they were threatened.

The war curtailed or stopped his driving entirely. There were no more tires for his automobile and fuel was doled out in meager amounts. If he was in a war industry, he might draw extra fuel for his car. But he carried others, who lacked transportation, to work with him each day. In his home, coal and oil were not plentiful. He lowered the temperatures of his living quarters accordingly. He decreased his consumption of electricity. When his refrigerator broke down, there were no replacement parts available. The manufacturer was turning out machine guns, and the man who would have made the repair was in the army. His sons were in the armed forces. His wife and daughters, in many cases, were at work in the shop with him. He knew then that he was not just threatened by war. He was in it.

And that is where he is today, the American individual, 130,000,000 of him. His picture is not nearly so grim as that of any of his allies. He still

has more. And he is fortunate in having the resources to keep his picture a comparatively bright one. But whether in uniform or not, he knows that he is in this war for keeps and that keeps means but one thing to him: Victory.

He is angry—angry in a deep, unforgiving, unrelenting way. He is angry that the life he had known can be no more until his enemies have been destroyed. He is ready to give, is giving, all in his power to destroy that enemy. He sees, too, that once the enemy is destroyed there must never again be the chance for him to arise and threaten our peace. He sees that he can no longer be an isolationist. He has so voted in an unofficial poll, that he believes in keeping this peace, by force if necessary, after this war. And he is ready to act toward that goal. He wants to keep his country the land of the free. He wants to keep on improving it. And he wants to share its ideals and its riches with the other countries of the world.

That is the American I see today. As I said before, I feel proud and honored to speak for him here. You made an investment in him. You are shareholders in his unshakable enterprise: Democracy. It is paying dividends now, and I am sure every American is with me in saying that we are positive of future, continuing dividends. May the solid ideals upon which we were founded and for which we are now fighting, continue to guide us as we build anew once the guns are stilled.

And now may I give you an old Mexican salutation —

"To the United Nations Combat Team, in War and Peace —

Vaya Con Dios!"

The Kiltie Band Sorrows With Mr. Alex M. Watt

THERE passed away in Omaha on Saturday, July 1, at the youthful age of 31, Mrs. Alex M. Watt, leaving behind her a sorrowing husband, a young son, William M., her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tyrrel of Omaha, a sister, Mrs. Genevieve Sieverding of Washington, D. C., and a grandmother, Mrs. Robert McTetters of Madison, Nebraska.

The older members of the present McAuliffe Kiltie Band will recall Mr. Watt, who, with William H. Wallace and James Noble, formed the very beginning of the Kilties when Messrs. Wallace and Watt came from Omaha to Rock Springs in 1927, remaining to see the band grow in numbers and fame.

Mr. Watt's thousands of friends throughout the middle west join in expressions of sorrow at the untimely passing of a good wife and mother. Mrs. Watt's remains were laid to rest in Omaha's Forest Lawn Cemetery on Thursday afternoon, July 6.

Where Yankee Doodle Came To Town

By James Van Ness

ACROSS the Hudson river from Albany, in the village of Rensselaer, there is an old brick manor house which so long as it stands will ever remain of sentimental interest to the American people.

On a seat beside a well in the rear of the mansion a British army surgeon, Dr. Richard Shuckburgh, is credited with having written the words of "Yankee Doodle." It was in the early summer of 1758 that General James Abercrombie and his staff stopped there, en route to engage the French at Ticonderoga. Shuckburgh, a wit and a bit of a poet, was amused by the appearance of the motley assemblage of American volunteers who came to reinforce the smartly uniformed regulars from overseas. One day in a moment of leisure he composed the derisive lines that so vastly amused his fellows in the cantonment. These lines were a take-off on the speech, manners, dress and fighting array of the casual soldiery that had come from the villages and farms of nearby colonies to aid the red coats.

To further the joke the author made a present of the verses to the Americans, recommending them as a marching song. Contrary to expectations, the proffer was accepted. The words and tune made an immediate hit with the lanky, ill-accoutered volunteers.

The air to which the surgeon's humorous doggerel was adapted is of uncertain origin. Some say that a similar tune was sung by English country folk prior to Charles the First's time. Others are of the belief that the tune was brought to North America by Irish regiments sent here for service about the time Dr. Shuckburgh wrote the words. Dutch, German, American, even East Indian, claims are also made for composers of these nationalities.

During the Revolution the song, with variations, wafted back from Bunker Hill and across many another battle ground to British ears — humor turned to gall. Many a weary foot was livened by the jig-like measure. Lines were added as current events supplied motives. Successive stanzas sprang up in different encampments, and out of all these contributions came thirty or more versions, the only relation one to the other being the basic theme: irregulars under arms. Dr. Shuckburgh's original words of the doggerel most unfortunately have vanished. Not till after 1800 did the familiar quatrain become known:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it Macaroni.

(Please turn to page 306)

Shakespeare—Lover of England

A Broadcast over B.B.C. by L. A. G. STRONG in the series 'Poets and Patriots'

THERE is one very important point which I think should be made at the start. It is this. If we look at a universal writer like Shakespeare in order to find instances of one particular characteristic, we are in danger of forgetting that he is universal. We are in danger of getting an unrepresentative result; unrepresentative, because it represents only the characteristic we have been looking for, and magnifies it out of its due proportion, and gives the impression that it was a kind of King Charles' head, a fixed idea which Shakespeare popped into his plays whenever it came up in his mind: as if the plays existed to give expression to the idea, instead of the idea being used in the service of the plays.

For example, I had the other day to judge a competition for essays on some aspect of Shakespeare. I gave the prize to an essay on 'Shakespeare as Gardener.' It was a charming essay, and a careful one. The writer of it had gone through the plays with a tooth-comb and collected all the references he could find to flowers and gardens—and had put in nothing else. The result was that, reading this essay, one might suppose that Shakespeare kept a nursery garden or else had a mania for flowers and jumped at every excuse for talking about them.

So, in just the same way, there is a danger that, if we collect from Shakespeare's plays a number of passages in which he praises England, we may make him look like a propagandist intent on putting in a good word for his country whenever he gets the chance. The danger comes less from the passages themselves than from the fact that we lift them out of their context. By doing this—by quoting them by themselves, without reference to the scene in which they come and the occasion on which they are spoken—we do them a great injury. We diminish their importance. We rob them of their dramatic effect. We make them sound like mere expressions of patriotism, such as might be stuck on a calendar, and, in the drama, as in the material world, patriotism is not enough. Shakespeare was a dramatist, the greatest in the history of the human mind, and we pull plums out of him at our peril. He did not go in for flag-wagging. When he spoke of England, and for England, it was always within the framework of the play and for the play's purposes.

Take, for example, the most famous of all the apostrophes to England, from John of Gaunt's dying speech in **Richard the Second.** It is a vital part of the play, a statement of what is happening, a pointer to what will follow. The young king is attempting to be an absolute ruler. He is playing ducks and drakes with the constitution of a country which has been sorely troubled, and which needs a steady hand and a clear head to guide it. The way Richard is going can only bring disaster. The old man, with the clear foresight of the dying, sees this and utters his warning—his mind dwelling for these few great lines in love and pride upon the country which he sees endangered:—

Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it,—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

A scene from 'Richard the Second' when this great play was produced at the Old Vic Theatre in London. The seated figure is John of Gaunt, played by Alan Napier.

That is not a purple patch. Here, for a moment, is the voice of England, prophesying woe to the young and arrogant king who would use her for his pleasure—and wider, deeper woe to follow. This speech of John of Gaunt is part of the fabric of the play; not only of this one play, but of the great series of historical plays, which, as the Poet Laureate and others have pointed out, is a single and wonderfully unified statement of things which lie at the heart of English life and English history, and are true of all life, too.

This note of belief in the peculiar genius of England, and in her destiny, sounds in another speech, much shorter, but as famous as John of Gaunt's. At the end of **King John**, the bastard, Faulconbridge, utters what looks at first like a boast about England's might in arms. His words have not the dramatic significance of John of Gaunt's; they are addressed to the audience rather than to another character in pursuance of the play's necessary purposes. Yet their occasion is just as important, and their meaning and value belong essentially to the play. Here they are:—

> This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

Short though it is, this again is no purple patch. What has been happening? Once more, a king has been trying to ride rough-shod over the rights of his people. King John has been brought down by the nobles, just as Richard was to be brought down. He has offended against the laws of his country. He has upset the balance which, however odd and uncertain it may appear to the outsider, is founded on certain fundamental principles and beliefs. He has sinned against the genius of his country. Magna Carta has affirmed this genius, these beliefs, and the king, fighting against it, has been destroyed. England has been split by faction, and Faulconbridge sees that if she can only stand united, she will be invincible. Is this not a fit conclusion to the play which comes first in the historical series? And was there not also a good reason, in the troubled reign of Elizabeth, to address such words to an audience who had seen the harm that faction could do?

That last motive, in itself, would not be enough to justify the speech dramatically; but, added to its power as an epilogue to this play about a man who did violence to the rights of his subjects, and taken in its place as the first statement of a theme that runs through the whole series of Shakespeare's historical plays, it has a profound appropriateness as a keystone in this great piece of dramatic architecture.

Now let us go to a play that comes later in the series: to **Henry the Fifth.** There has been a great deal of argument over the character of Henry the Fifth. The traditional view of him as the happy warrior, the fine flower of chivalry, has been upset by, among others, the Poet Laureate, who regards him as an insensitive and successful cad, largely on the strength of his treatment of Falstaff and the rest. Professor Dover Wilson has come to Henry's rescue and restated the older view, with qualifications. We can leave all this controversy aside, and take the King at his admitted best; his unshakable faith in England, and his personal courage. Here is a speech which only an Englishman could have made. On the eve of Agincourt, one of his company has wished for an added ten thousand men from England. The King hears him:—

> What's he that wishes so?
> My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
> If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
> To do our country loss; and if to live,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
> God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
> By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
> Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
> It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
> Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
> But if it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most offending soul alive.
> No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
> God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
> As one man more, methinks, would share from me
> For the best hope I have, O do not wish one more!
> Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
> That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
> Let him depart; his passport shall be made
> And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
> We would not die in that man's company
> That fears his fellowship to die with us.
> This day is called the feast of Crispian:
> He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
> Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
> And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
> He that shall live by this day, and see old age,
> Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
> And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian':
> Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
> And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day',
> Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
> But he'll remember with advantages
> With feats he did that day: then shall our names,
> Familiar in his mouth as household words,
> Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
> Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
> Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
> This story shall the good man teach his son;
> And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
> From this day to the ending of the world,
> But we in it shall be remembered;
> We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
> For he today that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition:
> And gentlemen in England now a-bed
> Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
> And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
> That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

("St. Crispin's Day"—Crispin, a saint of the third century and a missionary to Gaul, was a shoemaker by trade, and was martyred under Diocletian, Roman Emperor.)

Shakespeare's theme, in his handling of **Henry the Fifth,** is that great responsibilities and great occasions will pull a man together and redeem him, however wild his courses have been, provided that he has the right stuff in him. Particularly is this so when the occasions and the responsibilities are con-

tained in the one word—England. Here is the talisman, here is the theme that calls from all alike, the best that is in them. It is worth noticing, too, that those three speeches are put in the mouths, not of poets, not of introspective, contemplative characters, but of men of action.

The link between poetry and men of action has always been notable in English history, from Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh up to the present, when Lord Wavell's anthology of poems is on all the bookstalls. Intellectually, John of Gaunt, Faulconbridge and Henry the Fifth are commonplace. They are successful men of affairs, thick-skinned, downright, the sort of men who go ahead and get things done. Yet they have the English gift for deep and poetic feeling when something has greatly moved them. Do you remember the test Faulconbridge applied to decide whether Hubert had killed the little Prince Arthur, and the beauty of the lines he spoke? So, in the passages you have heard, these three typical athletic forthright men of action are roused to poetic feeling by the theme nearest their hearts, their love of England.

Neither is it only to patriotic speeches that we look for Shakespeare's love of his country. His mind was so saturated with the English countryside—the weather, the seasons were always on his mind—that he turns to it naturally in order to express his deepest feelings, as in the Sonnets:—

> From you have I been absent in the spring,
> When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
> That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
> Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
> Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
> Could make me any summer's story tell,
> Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow:
> Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
> Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose . . .

My own favourite English scenes from the plays—the scenes that at the same time make my heart glow and send a shiver up my spine—are in the two parts of **Henry the Fourth**. The two carters talking as they get up before dawn: Falstaff and his recruits: Doll Tearsheet taking leave of Falstaff—a magical scene, glowing with the quality, the goodness of heart, of the common people of England: and, most wonderful of all, one of the most moving things in all Shakespeare, the scene where Falstaff and Justice Shallow talk over old times in the orchard. Who but Shakespeare would have put these supreme lines in the mouths of a fat witty drunkard and a fool? These are the essentially English things, the things which, once you understand them, tell you more about this country than anything else in the whole of our literature. You will get a lot from the scene where Henry the Fifth in disguise talks with the plain soldiers Bates and Williams on the eve of Agincourt. You will get a lot from Sir Toby, in **Twelfth Night**. You will everywhere get reminders of the English scene . . .

> daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March, with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
> Most ancient to maids; bold oxlips and
> The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
> To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
> To strew him o'er and o'er!

All these things reveal the quality of England and of things English because they sprung unbidden to the mind of her greatest writer and her most articulate lover. They say that Englishmen are poor lovers because they rely too much on dumb emotion, but they are certainly great lovers of their country, and, if they cannot say what they feel for her, they have found a legion of poets who felt the same love, to say it for them. There are many such voices, but no voice more eloquent, no love more ingrained, than Shakespeare.

—**From London Calling.**

Historic Old Chew House

(Continued from page 296)

open the front doors. These doors are precious historic relics now, in the possession of the descendants of Judge Chew, who still occupy the house. One six-pound shot from the attackers entered a front window and passed completely through the house.

At the height of the battle a heavy fog arose and, misunderstanding a signal as an order to retreat, the Americans withdrew, and not long afterward retired to their memorable encampment at Valley Forge. The Americans suffered heavy casualties while only one British soldier, so it was said, was killed in the house. The members of the Chew family were absent from Cliveden at the time of the battle, having left the estate in charge of servants.

When one of the streets at the side of the Chew estate was opened several years ago, the remains of soldiers were disinterred, and these now lie in graves at a corner of the property.

The interior of the Chew House still shows numerous reminders of the battle. Shot marks on the ceiling of the second floor are plainly visible, while the exterior masonry is liberally sprinkled with battle scars.

There was a little dope
With a fat pay envelope
And she spent every cent that was in it
And she wondered bye and bye,
Why the prices rose so high—
But she didn't blame herself for a minute.

—Berton Braley.

American Representative to British Ministry of Fuel and Power Visits Rock Springs District

MR. R. L. SHARPS, member of the staff of the Goodman Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill., came to The Union Pacific Coal Company mines in the Rock Springs district in July to obtain first-hand information on the present operation of mechanical loading, principally the shaking conveyors with Duckbills, and the recovery of pillars under varying conditions. He was well pleased with his visit here and felt that the examples he studied will be helpful to him in solving some of the problems in the mines of Great Britain, where he has been for the past year.

About twelve months ago, Mr. Sharps flew to London, England, to report to the Ministry of Fuel and Power. The United States government, under lend-lease, has been shipping to Great Britain mechanical loading machinery, consisting of shaking conveyors, Duckbills, mobile loading mining machines, electric drills and conveyors. Mr. Sharps was sent by the Ministry to different districts, principally in England and Scotland, to supervise the installation of this machinery and train men to operate it properly.

Ever since the outbreak of war, the production of coal in Great Britain has been diminishing steadily. The want of fuel for war purposes and for the other industries has developed into a critical situation. Every means possible is being used to increase the production of coal. The American mining machinery was shipped to Great Britain for the purpose of increasing the production of coal, through a larger application of mechanical loading in the British mines. This has necessitated the changing of the long-wall mining system, whereby all the coal is extracted and rock-pack walls are built to support the roof, to a room-and-pillar system, which is generally used throughout United States coal fields.

Although a reduction in coal output developed in some cases to start with, due to the time element in training men for the operation, Mr. Sharps felt that definite progress is being made in several districts and that the introduction of the American coal cutting and loading machinery in the British mines has been and will continue to be helpful in reducing the deficit of coal production.

Mr. Sharps has had a very interesting time training men and working with the aid of British engineers and mine managers in solving some of the difficulties that came up. He found the engineers and mine managers, with other supervisory officials, most helpful and anxious in every way to make the installation of this machinery a success. They realize the absolute necessity for producing more coal, especially during this war period. The British engineers also feel that the introduction of mechanical loaders will make coal-mining work more attractive to the younger men. At present, many of them desire to go into other occupations, such as engineering, shipbuilding and railroad industries. The labor situation is very similar to that in the United States at the present time—there is a shortage of efficient mine workers, absenteeism is prevalent, particularly after pay-day, resulting in a sharp decrease in production.

There are several coal mine machinery companies now represented in Great Britain working under the Ministry of Fuel and Power. These representatives, whose job it is to install the machinery, work together harmoniously to accomplish a common end —to supply more coal for the British industries.

Experience in Great Britain in the early days follows closely the experience of most mine operators in the United States, in that a mining system must be revised from time to time due to the inequalities in different seams and in different mines, but Mr. Sharps is very hopeful that, with everyone working together, the installation of this machinery will be very helpful to the coal mining industry in Great Britain, not only at the present time during war-time conditions, but also in peace-time, when competition again will become quite severe in the coal mining industry.

While here in Rock Springs, Mr. Sharps mentioned other interesting aspects of war-torn England that remain indelible on his mind. Many of the foods that today fill the table in the American home have almost disappeared over there. Fruit, in particular, is very scarce, and the price of eggs has literally soared out of sight. Many of the people wear wooden soles on their shoes, so depleted is the available supply of leather. On Sunday, throughout Britain, the eating establishments are closed. On clothing, as well, the British have felt the pinch. To each one is allotted 26 coupons, which must last for a year. A pair of socks takes two and a suit of clothes 28 coupons. Not many suits are being purchased in Britain today!

When asked about the prisoners of war in England, Mr. Sharps stated that many of them are Italians, who are easily recognized on the farms by a huge solid white circle on the back of their brownish-red coveralls.

Mr. Sharps also saw the effects of that "damnable thing," which is launched by the Germans from the Pas de Calais in France— that robot, which has kept thousands in England in a state of sustained apprehension which the Great Blitz never matched.

We hope that to Mr. Sharps will come the very best of everything on his return to that mighty little Island, whose renown will long shine among men.

Engineering Department

The Cement Industry

By FRANK LEBAR

THE USE OF cementing materials dates back several thousand years. The early Romans discovered that slaked lime, prepared by burning limestone and adding water to reduce the lumps to powder, when mixed with volcanic ash, produced an excellent building material. The Romans made their concrete much as we make ours. The famous structure known as the Roman Forum was nearly all placed on concrete foundations as all our structures are today.

The art of hydraulic cement making passed out of existence with the coming of the Dark Ages and for more than a thousand years the world was without a suitable binding material. The making of cement was again revived during the Eighteenth Century.

John Smeaton, a noted British engineer, in searching for a material with which to rebuild the Eddystone Lighthouse on the rocks off the coast of England, discovered that impure limestone with a clay content made a desirable cement when burned and ground, since it would harden under water.

To Joseph Aspdin, a bricklayer of Leeds, England, goes the credit for first producing Portland cement. Aspdin was granted a patent for his improvements in the modes of producing an artificial stone. He called his new product Portland cement because it resembled in color, a building stone found on the Isle of Portland.

About the time Aspdin was experimenting in England with Portland cement, natural cement was first being made in America. Some time before 1820, Canvass White, an engineer working on the Erie Canal, discovered rock near Chittenango, New York, from which he made natural cement.

Other natural cement mills sprang up in different parts of the country but it was not until 1872 that the first Portland cement plant in America was placed in operation. David O. Saylor, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, was the first manufacturer of Portland cement in the country. Thomas Millen, of South Bend, Indiana, and John K. Shin, of Wampum, Pennsylvania, were other pioneer manufacturers of cement.

The first important use of American-produced Portland cement was in the construction of the Eads Jetties on the Mississippi River below New Orleans in 1875-1879. These were of great importance to our ocean trade as they prevented the mouth of the river from filling up with silt. By confining the water between the jetties, the channel was made to clear itself of silt.

Portland cement was first imported in this country from England in 1865. European cement had acquired such a reputation for quality that it was difficult for American manufacturers to sell their product. After it was determined that the American-made Portland cement was of excellent quality, manufacturers began in earnest to compete with the English firms.

The cement industry, which developed slowly, has reached its maturity. More than half the world's supply of Portland cement is produced in the United States today.

In 1879, the United States had produced about 82,000 barrels, an amount exceeded by imports from Europe. The quantity of cement produced each year has gradually increased until 1928, when over 176 million barrels were produced. Because of economic conditions following 1929, consumption fell off until 1933, when only 63 million barrels were produced. It is interesting to note that prior to 1900, approximately the time a standard set of specifications was adopted, the amount of cement produced had not increased very rapidly. With the adoption and use of standard specifications, manufacturers were able to concentrate on quantity production. Production rose from eight million barrels in 1900 to 176 million in 1928, a figure perhaps again attained during the war period.

In the United States today there are some 169 plants in 33 states which annually convert millions of tons of rock into a high quality product.

The manufacturing of Portland cement is not a simple process. Over eighty operations are necessary to change the rock from the quarry into the flour-like product. The finished product has been tested more thoroughly than many manufactured food products.

The first operation in the manufacturing of Portland cement is the blasting or excavating of rock which contains the necessary materials—lime, silica, and alumina. After transporting the raw material to the plant, which is usually located near the source of supply, large pieces are broken by huge crushers into fragments. Secondary crushers break these into smaller bits. The material is then carefully proportioned by weight and a mixture secured that contains the correct amount of the essential ingredients.

The mixture is then passed to grinding mills in which the material is pulverized. The pulverized mixture is then fed into giant rotary kilns. These kilns, sometimes 250 feet in length, are steel-jacketed cylinders lined with fire brick and heated on the blow torch principle. The cement mixture passes through the kilns as it rotates.

In these kilns, the finely pulverized raw material is burned at a temperature ranging from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Here an important change takes place. About one-third of the weight of the raw material is lost through its transformation into carbon dioxide. Under the influence of the heat, the tiny particles of cement mixture change into an entirely new chemical compound called "cement clinker." This clinker consists of small balls varying in size from a pea to a walnut. The clinker passes through the coolers and assumes a dark greenish black color. From the coolers, the clinker is carried to either grinding mills or to the storage piles by means of conveyors.

The final grinding is much the same as the process observed in preparing the raw material for burning. The clinker is placed in grinding mills and pulverized much finer than flour. During the grinding process gypsum is added to regulate the rate of hardening when cement is used in concrete making. From the plant, the cement is then shipped to all corners of the globe to be used in construction of skyscrapers, roadways, sidewalks, streets, etc.

The extensive use of concrete as a building material was made possible through the discovery that reinforced concrete was considerably stronger than non-reinforced concrete. The addition of steel to concrete permitted the erection of concrete skyscrapers, dams, bridges and towering smokestacks. Concrete alone can withstand crushing forces, but with the imbedding of steel in the concrete, its uses are almost unlimited. The Romans were greatly hindered in their construction work by lack of knowledge in reinforcement. The use of reinforcing material did not become general until some 75 years after the invention of Portland cement.

Some of the larger concrete projects undertaken in recent times were the construction of the Wilson, Boulder and Grand Coulee Dams. In the Wilson Dam more than 7,746,000 sacks of cement were used in making 1,291,000 cubic yards of concrete. This dam is 4,500 feet in length and 120 feet high, the spillway section being 3,050 feet long.

Another marvel of concrete construction is the Trunkhannock Viaduct, in Pennsylvania. This project was completed in 1915 by a railroad company. This viaduct is 240 feet high and 2,375 feet long. More than 162,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in its construction.

Concrete is being used more and more every day in the construction of highways, some 96,000 miles having been laid since the first mile was laid in 1906. With the increasing use of aircraft, concrete is being used in making landing strips and airports.

Concrete in art is no strange thing. Lorado Taft, world-famous sculptor, has given conclusive proof of the adaptability of concrete to this kind of work. His statues—The Fountain of Time and the Blackhawk Monument—are shining examples of this. The Blackhawk Monument, 42 feet in height, located on the bluffs above Rock River, near Oregon, Illinois, is a beautiful and majestic tribute to the American Indian.

In Nashville, Tennessee, the Parthenon, a replica of the Parthenon at Athens, Greece, is a classic example of the possibilities of art in concrete work, with its delicately molded and tinted friezes and lifelike figures. Its construction has made it possible for Americans to view the majestic Grecian style of architecture without traveling to Europe.

With each passing day, different types of cement are being developed to meet the assorted needs of industry; waterproof and quick-setting types are now widely known.

Where Yankee Doodle Came to Town

(Continued from page 300)

These were also favorite couplets:

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-givin' orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbands red as blood
All wound around their middles.

The two-story house at Rensselaer has long been called Fort Crailo. The word fort is derived from a wooden structure hastily thrown up by white settlers in the spring of 1663 during an outbreak and massacre by Indians. The exact date of the house is a matter of controversy. According to a bronze tablet placed on the wall over fifty years ago, the probable date of its construction was 1642.

With the charm of simplicity that characterizes early Dutch Colonial architecture, the manor house sits squatly in elm-shaded surroundings. One hundred feet to the rear is the bank of the Hudson, commanding a broad view of the storied Catskills. For the term of its existence, until formally presented to the State of New York in 1924, Fort Crailo was in the possession of one branch or another of the Van Rensselaer family. It is now ranked as a state monument. Many distinguished guests have been entertained beneath its venerable roof—Washington, Lafayette, Hamilton, Daniel Webster, and many others.

You have only to live with Nature for awhile, and keep your eyes open—and your ears and your heart and your mind—to become an optimist.

—Luther Burbank

Of Interest to Women

Food

By MARY P. PERKO

FOOD eaten out-of-doors—and almost everyone eats it so at least once during the warm weather—can be a sophisticated meal on a suburban lawn or city apartment terrace, with cocktails, or it can be a hamburger-on-bun snack, consumed on a lonely stretch of sand. It is the rough-and-ready affair that this department had in mind in drawing up the following picnic menus—one to be employed when the building of a small fire is possible, the other for use when there can be no cooking and when all the food must be prepared at home.

CAMP-FIRE PICNIC

Beef or lamb kabobs on rolls with pickle relish
Small fresh tomatoes
Stuffed eggs
Cup cakes
Peanuts
Hot coffee

Equipment and other necessaries: Green sticks or metal skewers or lengths of wire for use in broiling kabobs, cheesecloth for making coffee, large saucepan or kettle, salt and pepper, paper plates and cups and spoons, paper napkins, sugar and cream or evaporated milk for coffee.

BEEF OR LAMB KABOBS

(Serves eight)

Three pounds tender beefsteak or boneless lamb
Eight onions, sliced one-fourth inch thick
One pound bacon, cut into one-and-a-half inch slices
Salt and pepper
Eight frankfurter rolls, split

Have butcher slice meat an inch thick and cube it. Wrap meat, onions and bacon separately in wax paper and pack in picnic hamper. When ready to cook at picnic, take eight skewers or lengths of wire or green sticks and on every one of them string a piece of beef, one of onion and one of bacon, until there are about three pieces of each. Broil over hot coals, turning often till brown and as well done as desired. (Each guest may do his own broiling.) Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pull off into a split frankfurter roll. In performing this operation, place the skewer between the halves of roll, hold it firmly and pull it out, so that its burden remains behind with the bread. Garnish with mustard, chili sauce, pickle relish, etc., if desired. Beef cuts suitable for kabobs include sirloin, porterhouse, tenderloin and top round. Good lamb cuts are shoulder, rib chops, loin chops and steaks from the leg.

PICNIC COFFEE

(Makes sixteen cups)

One half pound coffee, percolator grind
One gallon cold water

Tie the coffee up in a piece of cheese-cloth, so that the bag is about half filled with coffee. Place the bag in the cold water, which should be in a large saucepan or similar vessel. Let the water come to a boil, remove from the heat and allow the bag to stand in the water about five minutes, stirring it around several times. Remove coffee and keep beverage hot till serving time.

FIRELESS PICNIC

Mock chicken salad
Bread and butter sandwiches
Cucumber sticks
Radishes
Individual apple pies
Fresh oranges
Hot coffee (vacuum jug)

Equipment and other necessaries: Paper plates, forks, cups and napkins; salt and pepper, sugar and cream or evaporated milk for coffee, large tablespoon for serving salad.

MOCK CHICKEN SALAD

One and one-half pounds lean pork
One and one-half pounds veal cutlet, rump or shoulder
One-half cup French dressing
One tablespoon grated onion
Two tablespoons lemon juice
Two cups chopped celery
One tablespoon chopped parsley
One cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste
Lettuce or shredded cabbage

Simmer meat in salted water to cover, till tender, or about an hour or less, drain (reserve broth for soup, etc.) and chill. Cut meat into cubes about one-half inch square, add French dressing, onion and lemon juice, toss together and allow to stand a few minutes. Add remaining ingredients except lettuce or cabbage. Serve on lettuce or shredded cabbage which should be carried to picnic in container separate from salad.

Fashions

WATCH FOR:

One of the predicted big features for fall is the group of dresses that combine wool "bodies" with hand-knit bodices. These are made with elegant little details and dressed-up accents that are a part of the more formal feeling characteristic of the

entire fall collection. Highlights in the group of hand-knit with wool dresses include the Indian Jewel Motif, hand-embroidered on the bodice . . . done in several colors, for instance, on a chartreuse knit and wool dress with gold kid belt. Then there is the Sunburst Front, involving triangular bursts of color for the knitted bodice of the wool dress, as the yellow-candy-pink and green front of an emerald green dress . . . The black dress in the same design is definitely one of the dressed-up type.

The Swiss Lace Effect, in two tones, for the bodice front, is very effectively used. One of the best colors being two tones of aqua, one light and one darker, for two sides of the front, the rest of the dress black.

In the all hand-knit dresses, which are also gaining in popularity, style features include the low U-neckline; the use of ribbed knitting in the skirt, so that it extends slightly above the normal waistline, "thinning" the waistline and allowing for a bloused effect above; soft "bowknot" effects knitted into the bodice.

The two-tone suit registers in the two-piece group, the jacket "checked" in cocoa and pale blue, the skirt cocoa—the checks in the jacket are handled to give the effect of stripes, making for a longer silhouette line.

Buttons are imaginative, including square ceramic buttons centered with flowers copied from old French designs—buttons of different colors being used on the same suit, and color highlights include tomato red, emerald green, chartreuse, and purple.

Well—here are the first flying fashions of the future, actually designed for the time when women will travel about in airplanes as casually as they do in cars today—and they are designed by the gals who wear 'em, the "Stephens Susies"—graduates of the Stephens College, whose flight training is a regular part of the college curriculum.

Muriel King, Hollywood and New York designer, selected thirteen models for the finals, from thirty sketches submitted by the fliers, and the show was staged at graduation of Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri.

First to be voted were the "Interchangeables" about which the fashion world is buzzing—you know the outfits composed of three or four or five pieces to be worn in different combinations to pretend you have a large wardrobe on a minimum budget. "Loop Lyric," a white shantung playsuit—for plane wear has apple green shantung wrap-around skirt and bolero to be slipped into on landing. A white Dache net tied with green ribbons adds a note of color to the head while keeping the hair neatly groomed. A red wool gabardine sport suit had knee length trousers and a beige short boxy jacket that goes over printed dresses as well; jackets and skirts and shorts and slacks, and weskits and snoodnets—in other words, girls, make the most of your wardrobe by mixing and matching. Fun?

Then there are the work suits, one and two-piece styles of spun rayon and aralac, designed with action back, in dusty pink for summer and in darker shades for winter, with tapered trouser legs and sleeves and stitched pockets, all very workmanlike and neat; and in keeping with this feeling, the long bob was neatly tied with bows of ribbon for color accent.

LITTLE BO PEEP

Little Bo Peep buys bonds to keep
She's never cashed or spent 'em.
(Ten years, you know, will make them grow
Some thirty-three percentum.)

Beauty

OUT to Beat the Heat? Here's a hair-do to keep you cool, and looking pretty as a picture. It's called "Victorian Rose"—it's awfully smart now to go Victorian! Part your hair in the center, brush it smooth and braid each side. Then pick two roses from your garden — big ones, if you're off on a date; tiny ones, if you're off to work. Fasten a rose at the tip of each braid, then loop the braid and fasten it up behind your ear . . . There, don't you look pert, neat and cool as a breeze? With flowers in your hair, it's a nice touch to have your finger-polish match. So try the slick new polish color that's called Victorian Rose. It's deep and rosy, with an orchid cast that makes your hands look whiter by shades.

CARE OF THE SKIN IN SUMMER

Because all types of skin are affected by climate and temperature so that in summertime oily skins become more oily and dry skins become less dry, cosmetic authorities suggest a change in routine skin care.

Summer Treatment for Dry Skin

Use soap at least once a day, even though you belong to the proud soap-and-water-never-touches-

my-face school. A cream soap, super-fatted soap, or one that contains special lubricants, will be less drying and will still do an efficient cleansing job. Follow with a softening cream if the skin feels dry afterward. Change from the rich cleansing cream of winter to a lighter textured type. A light feathery cream or lotion, with emollient properties is the type of powder base suggested for dry skin. It disappears when applied to the skin.

Summer Treatment for Oily Skin

Soap and water is the oily skin's best friend, in summer even more than in other seasons. Use a good milk soap on the face as many times a day as it needs cleansing. At night-time, before bed, cleanse with a cream to remove all make-up and finish off with a soap-and-water facial massage. Massage the lather over the skin with the fingertips or with a complexion brush. Rinse with icy cold water. Since the skin problem is one of too much oil, no oily cream should be allowed to remain on the skin.

Keeping the make-up cool looking, dull and shineless throughout a hot day is the particularly difficult problem the woman with an oily skin must tackle. Shortly after powdering, the excess oil produced by the skin starts seeping through, particularly in the area of the nose and chin, where there are more oil glands. The best way to control this situation is by continual cleansing of the face with soap and water, to remove the accumulated oil, and the fresh application of powder.

EXERCISES FOR A FIGURE

The long, straight, narrow and only path to a streamlined figure is exercise. This is the inescapable verdict handed down by the physiotherapists, whose profession it is to know about such matters. Diet reduces poundage, but a reproportioning of figure measurements—a few inches subtracted here or one added there—and a lithe, firm healthy body are achieved only through physical effort.

It is possible to choose some sport on the basis of figure correction of a particular part of the body. Here are five popular sports, with note of what parts of the body each one affects:

Tennis—(and badminton) Good for the lower back and abdomen (in volleys); the upper back and chest (in service); the legs and arms.

Bowling—Good for the legs, hips, lower back and especially the waistline.

Swimming—Good for the entire figure. Considered the best all-round sport for the figure, because it develops long, flexible muscles, because the relaxed position of the body, supported as it is by the water, promotes good posture. The crawl is good for the waistline, hips, thighs and upper arm; the back crawl is better for the chest, shoulders and upper back.

Archery—Good for chest, upper back, arms and abdomen, it generally promotes good posture.

Bicycling—Good for the figure from waistline to feet. Particularly helps to reduce soft, fatty thighs and calves, to build up those that are too thin.

Our Little Folks

The Wolf and the Seven Young Goslings

From Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, **The Fairy Book**

THERE was once an old goose who had seven young goslings, and loved them as only a mother could love her children. One day she was going into the wood to seek for food, and before setting off she called all seven to her and said,

"Dear children, I am obliged to go into the wood, so be on your guard against the wolf; for if he gets in here he will eat you up, feathers, skin, and all. The villain often disguises himself, but you can easily recognize him by his rough voice and black paws."

The children answered, "Dear mother, we will take great care; you may go without any anxiety."

So the old lady was comforted, and set off cheerfully for the wood.

Before long someone knocked at the door, and cried, "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the goslings knew, by the rough voice, that it was the wolf.

"We will not open," they said. "You are not our mother, for she has a sweet and lovely voice. Your voice is rough—you are the wolf."

Thereupon the wolf set off to a merchant and bought a large lump of chalk; he ate it, and it made his voice sweet.

Back he came, knocked at the door, and cried, "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the wolf had laid his black paw on the window sill, and when the children saw it they cried, "We will not open; our mother has not black feet like you—you are the wolf."

So the wolf ran off to the baker, and said, "I have hurt my foot, put some dough on it."

And when the baker had plastered it with dough the wolf went to the miller and cried, "Strew some meal on my paws."

But the miller thought to himself, "The wolf wants to deceive someone," and he hesitated to do it.

Then the wolf said, "If you don't do it at once, I will eat you up." So the miller was afraid and made the paws white.

Now came the rogue back for the third time, knocked, and said, "Open the door, dear children; your mother has come home and has brought something for each of you."

The little goslings cried, "Show us your paws first, that we may see whether you are indeed our mother."

So the wolf laid his paws on the window sill, and when the goslings saw that they were white they believed it was all right, and opened the door; and who should come in but the wolf!

They screamed out and tried to hide themselves. One jumped under the table, another into the bed, the third into the oven, the fourth ran into the kitchen, the fifth hopped into a chest, the sixth under the wash-tub, and the seventh got into the clock-case. But the wolf seized them; one after another he gobbled them all up, except the youngest, who being in the clock-case he couldn't find.

When the wolf had eaten his fill he strolled forth, laid himself down in the green meadow under a tree, and went fast asleep.

Not long after, back came the old goose home from the wood; but what, alas! did she see? The house door stood wide open; table, chairs, benches, were all overthrown; the wash-tub lay in the ashes; blankets and pillows were torn off the bed. She looked for her children, but nowhere could she find them; she called them each by name but nobody answered.

At last, when she came to the youngest, a little squeaking voice answered, "Dear mother, I am in the clock-case." She pulled him out, and he told her how the wolf had come and eaten up all the others. You may think how she wept for her dear children.

At last, in grief, she went out, and the youngest gosling ran beside her. And when she came to the meadow there lay the wolf under the tree, snoring till the boughs shook. She walked 'round and examined him on all sides, till she saw that something was moving and kicking about inside him.

"Can it be," thought she, "that my poor children whom he has swallowed for his supper are yet alive?"

She sent the little gosling back to the house for scissors, needle, and thread, and began to slit up the monster's stomach. Scarcely had she given one snip when out came the head of a gosling, and when she had cut a little further the six jumped out one after another, not being the least hurt, because the greedy monster had swallowed them down whole. That was a joy! They embraced their mother tenderly, and skipped about as lively as a tailor at his wedding.

But the old goose said, "Now, go and find me six large stones, which we will put inside the greedy beast while he is still asleep."

The goslings got the stones in all haste, and they put them inside the wolf; and the old goose sewed him up again in a great hurry, while he never once moved nor took any notice.

Now, when the wolf at last woke up and got upon his legs he found he was very thirsty, and wished to go to drink. But as soon as he began to move, the stones began to shake and rattle inside him, till he cried:

"What's this rumbling and tumbling,
What's this rattling like bones?
I thought I had eaten six little geese,
But they've turn'd out only stones."

When he came to the spring and bent down his head to drink, the heavy stones overbalanced him, and in he went head over heels.

Now, when the seven goslings saw this they came running up, crying loudly, "The wolf is dead, the wolf is dead!" and danced for joy all round the spring, and their mother with them.

My Dog

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

Rock Springs

Tony Domijan has returned from Salt Lake City, where he received medical attention.

Carl Bowen has moved into the house recently vacated by Huby Carson, at No. 7 Mine.

Jean Varanakis, of the Mine Office, spent a vacation with relatives in Utah.

James Moon and family, of Grand Junction, Colo., visited here at the Harry Crofts home.

Mrs. Frances Painovich was a medical patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Marjorie Matthews, of the Mine Office, has returned from a vacation in Salt Lake City.

Alfonse Bustoz, of No. 8 Mine, has gone to Trinidad, Colo., where he will work on his farm.

Mrs. Albert Hardin and daughters, Lois and Vera, are spending some time in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

Omer Hopper, of No. 11 Mine, has gone to Denver, where he expects to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kamenski and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kamenski were on vacation in Utah.

Charles L. Smith has returned from a three-weeks visit in Denver.

Archie Buchanan has purchased a new home located in the Colony Coal Company Addition.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall have gone to Southern California, where they plan to make their home.

R. O. Stanton and family spent the 4th of July in the country north of Pinedale.

Joe Stancola has returned from a business trip to Salt Lake City.

Gay Tilley and family, of E-Plane, have gone to Arkansas, where they will live.

Gomer Owens has accepted a position as mine foreman in the State of Washington.

Frank Giles visited relatives in Boulder, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Matthew, Sr., were guests of relatives in Superior.

Reliance

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Telck and daughter spent the 4th of July in Jackson, Wyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Presley and son and Mr. L. Presley, Sr., of Evanston, Wyo., visited several days at the William Sellers and James Kelly homes.

Mrs. James Stroud, old-time resident of Reliance, left recently to make her home in Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Telck and sons were Pinedale visitors early in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Guido Anselmi and Mr. C. Gayer and son spent several days fishing in the north country.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Peppinger and Arley Bastalich were in Jackson, Wyo., for several days.

Alme Powell recently underwent an appendectomy at the Wyoming General Hospital, in Rock Springs.

Mrs. Neil Thompson and daughter returned to their home after visiting in Provo, Utah, where Mrs. Thompson's sister lives.

Gareth Boyce, of the U. S. Navy, visited at the Mike Kallas home. Mrs. Boyce is making her home here while her husband is in the service.

Mrs. James Robertson spent a few days at the Jack Lee home in Hanna.

Winton

Mary Ida Fredricks, of Laramie, visited at the home of her cousin, Miss Loucille Groutage.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dekker have moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Milton Friel.

Mr. Victor Dona was a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital during the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Collins and son, Bobbie, of Rock Springs, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Demich spent a vacation in Salt Lake City during July.

Mrs. Evan Starr and daughter arrived in Winton a few weeks ago to make their home. They are from Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pipkin are the parents of a baby girl, born July 24.

Nick Korich, of the United States Navy, visited here in July with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Krmpotich.

Cpl. John Easton, of San Diego, spent his furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Easton.

Tech. Sgt. Hugh Gregory was home on a three weeks furlough to see his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gregory.

Ethyl Maki, of Hanna, was a guest at the Jack Whiles home.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kauzlarich and family, of Winton, left for California, where they will make their home.

Hugh Slimmons spent a week in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, during July.

Mrs. Lawrence Welsh was in Salt Lake City, where Beverly Welsh received medical treatment.

Mrs. R. T. Wilson entertained members of the Wednesday Bridge Club. Prizes were won by Mrs. Glenn Sprowell, Mrs. Frank Fox, and Mrs. Joe Wise. Mrs. Jack While will be the next hostess of the Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gregory announced the marriage of their son, Gladwyn, to Miss Ruth Davis, of Los Angeles.

Miss Marlyn Jean Nesbit was on the sick list during July.

A dance was given in the Winton amusement hall during July. The ladies of the Community Council served a lunch at the club house which was enjoyed by all. The party was a great success.

Superior

Mae Anderson, a former resident, was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Anderson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Hiner and family have gone to Ogden, Utah, where they plan to make their home.

Rene Colleoni, of Laramie, visited a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colleoni and family. She now is attending the summer session at the University of Wyoming.

Mrs. Paul Smith and Paul, Jr., of Paris, Calif., were guests at the home of her sister, Mrs. Dominic Martin, here in Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. John Soltis and son, Boyd, spent a month's vacation in California.

Several boys from the armed forces were home lately. Among them were: Gust S. Marinos, Gene Caserotto, Jack Woolrich, Marion Walker, John Balog, Jr., and Richard DeMarco.

Mr. and Mrs. Isador DeMarco and daughter have moved to Price, Utah, where Mr. DeMarco has accepted a position.

Mr. and Mrs. Erbus Steinbeck are the proud parents of a son, born at the Wyoming General Hospital in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Ryden and children, of Sturgeon Lake, Minn., visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Asiala for several days while en route to Los Angeles, where they plan to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Croney and son and Mrs. Emma Gebo and Billie Gebo have gone to Minnesota due to the failing health of Mrs. Gebo.

Katherine Dean, who recently was graduated from Loretto Heights at Denver, spent a few days with her parents before going to Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Addy and Mr. and Mrs. Max Ogrin went on a fishing trip to Half Moon Lake.

Mr. Charles Dean was in Chicago on business in July.

Pearl Anderson spent her vacation in Rock Springs at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Aguirre.

Hanna

Lieutenant John Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lee, was heartily welcomed by his many friends during his recent visit here. Another welcomed serviceman was Sgt. Herbert Morgan, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Morgan. Both men have served overseas.

Hanna has again topped its quota in the Fifth War Loan Drive. On July 8, total sales were $59,550; the goal was $59,000.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Harbison are the proud parents of a son, James Westley.

Cpl. Frank Reynolds, who is stationed with the air corps in California, enjoyed a few weeks at the home of his family.

The ladies' auxiliary of the F.O.E. has planned to sponsor a wastepaper collection sometime in August.

The ladies of the Moose Lodge held the annual installation of officers in July. Each member attended and introduced a guest to the gathering. A delicious pot-luck lunch was served by the hostesses. Following the formal exercises, a musical program was furnished by the members.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler returned from a vacation in Nebraska. They were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Stewart White, who will visit here during the summer.

Mrs. Lynwood Smith returned from Washington, where she was called by the death of her father, Mr. Hansteen.

Mrs. Mary Ford spent a week visiting her son, Charles Stebner, who is at Farragut, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mellor are the proud parents of a son, born at the Hanna Hospital.

Miss Donna Jones has accepted a position as a temporary nurse at the hospital here.

Mrs. Jack Kelly and daughter, Dolores, of San Antonio, Texas, were houseguests of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly. Jack Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly, is stationed in San Diego with the Navy.

Mrs. William Evans, of Elk Mountain, underwent a major operation at the Laramie Memorial Hospital recently. Her condition is satisfactory.

Mr. C. D. Williamson was an interested spectator at the colorful Republican Convention in Chicago.

Mrs. Viola Spurrier and son visited in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Helm and daughter, Leona, have left their many friends here to make their home in Washington. Miss Helen Nurmi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Nurmi, accompanied them.

Mrs. Elwood Anderson has as her house guest her sister, Mrs. Edna Coulston, and children, of San Pedro, Calif.

Miss Josephine Briggs has accepted a position as clerk at the Hanna Mine Office.

General Offices

Conversation overheard in the Engineering Department:

"How do you make a Venetian blind?"
"Stick your finger in his eye!"
"Correct! Pay that man $25.00."

Something a little unusual happened in the Rock Springs Company Store that is worth mentioning at this time. The source of the story is unknown, but the facts have been substantiated: One of the stray cats down there got into the wrong department, rummaged around a bit, and finally came upon a tea-bag, which he ate. A doctor was called in and the bag was let out of the cat.

A few odds and ends touching on vacations: Jean Buxton, who is called "Wallpaper" in the Accounting Department because she brightens up the room, went to Portland, Oregon, where she found the bus drivers "simply divine." While she was there, she went out to Jantzen Beach, didn't swim, but romped around in quite a snappy bathing suit. MM-M-M! During the latter part of June, Elizabeth Barrass went fishing in Green River Lake, where she landed a whopper. Mildred Martin was in Salt Lake City on a business and pleasure trip. She said she kept her eyes open for a three-star general, but they had gone to Normandy. Viola Tomsik was in Denver for several days receiving medical treatment. Edith Broseghini saw her brother, Bill Broseghini S 2/c, for a few days in Frisco. Lillian Leskovec and Elsie Strauss also went to the mile-high city, Denver, the capital of the Centennial State. And Frances Bernard journeyed to California on a secret mission.

Pvt. George Tarris, brother of Maldi, is now in New Guinea. Her other brother, Pvt. John Tarris, is with an anti-aircraft unit at Fort Bliss, Texas. Rose Temperini's brother, Pvt. Mario Temperini, now is stationed at General MacArthur's GHQ in Australia.

Major Renaldo Menghini, brother of Emmett, is due back in the States in a few days. He suffered a leg fracture in a jeep accident on one of the far south Pacific islands. His host of Rock Springs friends will be glad to hear that his condition is excellent. Carol Spicer is the latest addition to the Accounting Department. And everyone up there is pleased that Eula Mae Baldridge is back once again.

The only other news from the Engineering Department concerns the weight of Phil Fick's baby girl. Phil said that it was 25 lbs., but Mr. McClelland insisted that she couldn't weigh more than 17 lbs. Giving way to the wisdom of his elder, Phil consented to let it stand officially at 17 lbs.

Early in July, Betty Haberlin, Mary Plemel, Lena Dellai, Eva Rogers, Frances Bernard, Catherine Skordas and her twin sister, Athie, and Isabell Rizzi invaded Green River for a swim, wienie-roast and a movie. A few days later, Betty Haberlin went east to Marseilles and Odell, which are near Chicago, to visit relatives and friends. She also attended the Stevens College Alumni dinner in Chicago.

Arvo Mackey, who often lends the Walt Winchell touch to this column, has been out of the office for several days. But that wandering troubadour, that living epitome of the Emerald Isle, that irrepressible flagbearer of the Democratic Party, the very Rt. Hon. Tim O'Farrell, is now back at his desk. And his daughter, Mary, is now handling the switchboard at night. We are mighty glad to have her with us. Especially pleased are those in the Accounting Department who never did go into ecstasy over that shift.

Footnote for the historian: Tim O'Farrell turned to the Republican Party, along with 130 million other Americans, for salvation in November, 1944.

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Picture of a Woman Paying Bills

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Swapping

★

We all agree that some day before too long the war will end with the Allied Nations the Winner. Then we will swap the business of war for the business of peace.

Millions of war workers will have to swap to civilian jobs. Millions of service men will swap to civilian clothes.

We have been looking at these temporary good times through rose-colored glasses. Men and women don't realize a swapping time is in the offing.

We must stay on the job every day, work every shift, save every penny for war bonds. Don't be caught with your guard down at swapping time!!

★

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